The RING *of* WORDS

A VERSE ANTHOLOGY

By

REED MOORHOUSE

Bright is the Ring of Words when the Right Man Rings them

THIRD BOOK

J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD.

THE RING OF WORDS

BOOK THREE

Now welcome somer, with thy sonnë softe.
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE

RING OF WORDS

A BOOK OF VERSE

ARRANGED IN THREE BOOKS
FOR USE IN SCHOOLS

BY

REED MOORHOUSE

BOOK THREE

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them"

J. M. DENT AND SONS
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NO THYNG YS TO MAN SO DERE

No thyng ys to man so dere
As wommanys love in gode manère.
A gode womman is mannys blys,
There her love right and stedfast ys.
There ys no solas under hevene
Of alle that a man may nevene [1]
That shulde a man so moche glew [2]
As a gode womman that loveth true.
Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde [3]
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

ROBERT MANNYNG OF BRUNNE
(1260-1340).

AND AS FOR ME

. . . AND as for me, thogh I can but lyte,
On bokës for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence

[1] Name. [2] Gladden. [3] Flock.

So hertely, that there is gamë noon
That fro my bokës maketh me to goon,
But hyt be seldom on the holyday,
Save, certynly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and I here the foulës singe
And that the flourës ginnen for to springe,—
Farewel my boke, and my devocioun!
  Now have I than swich a condicioun,
That, of alle the flourës in the mede,
Than love I most these flourës whyte and rede,
Swyche as men callen daysies in our toun.
To hem have I so greet affeccioun,
As I seyde erste, whan comen is the May,
That in my bed ther daweth me no day,
That I nam up, and walking in the mede,
To seen this flour agein the sonnë sprede,
When hit uprysith erly by the morwe;
This blisful sighte softneth alle my sorwe.
So gladde am I whan that I have presence
Of it to doen it all reverence,
As she that is of alle flourës the flour.
  And whan that hit is eve, I rennë blyve,
As soone as evere the sonnë ginneth weste,
To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste,
For fere of nyght, so hateth she derknesse!

GEOFFREY CHAUCER
(1340?-1400).

NOW WELCOME SOMER

Now welcome somer, with thy sonnē softe
That hast this wintrēs weders over-shake
And driven away the longē nightēs blake.

Seynt Valentyn, that art full hy in lofte,
Thus singen smalë foulës for thy sake,
"Now welcome somer, with thy sonnē softe
That hast this wintrēs weders over-shake."

Wel hav they causë for to gladen ofte
Sith ech of hem recoverëd hath his make:
Ful blisful may they singen whan they wake,

"Now welcome somer, with thy sonnē softe
That hast this wintrēs weders over-shake
And driven away the longē nightēs blake."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

MAY IN THE GREEN-WOOD

IN somer when the shawes be sheyne,[1]
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow him in the leves grene
Under the grene-wode tree.

[1] Bright.

Hit befell on Whitsontide
  Early in a May mornyng,
The Sonne up feyre can shyne,
  And the briddis mery can syng.

"This is a mery mornyng," said Litulle Johne,
  "Be Hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man than I am one
  Lyves not in Christiantè.

"Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,"
  Litulle Johne can say,
"And thynk hit is a fulle feyre tyme
  In a mornynge of May."

Anonymous
(15th Century).

TRUE THOMAS

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
  A ferlie[1] he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright
  Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
  Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett[2] o' her horse's mane,
  Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
  And louted low down on his knee:
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
  For thy peer on earth could never be."

[1] Marvel. [2] Tassel.

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
  "That name does not belang to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
  That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp,[1] Thomas," she said;
  "Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
  Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
  That weird shall never daunten me."
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
  All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,
  "True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
  Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
  She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
  The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
  The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
  And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
  And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
  And I will show you ferlies three.

[1] Play and recite.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven? [1]
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfyn-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Anonymous
(1450?).

[1] Lawn.

MERRY MARGARET

MERRY Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower:
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and still
And as full of good will
As fair Isaphill,
Coliander,
Sweet pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON
(1460?-1529).

BE WISE AND MERRY

Be merry and suffer, as I advise,
Wherever thou sit or rise;
Be well aware whom thou despise:
Thou shalt kiss who is thy foe.
He is wise, so must I go,
Who can be merry and suffer woe.

Be merry, now is all the song
The wise man taught both old and young;
Whoso can suffer and hold his tongue,
He may be merry and no things woe.
He is wise, so must I go,
Who can be merry and suffer woe.

If any man displease thee aught,
Suffer with a merry thought;
Let care away, and grieve thee naught,
And shake thy lap and let it go.
He is wise, so must I go,
Who can be merry and suffer woe.

Anonymous
(1500).

THE TRUE KNIGHT

For knighthood is not in the feats of warre,
As for to fight in quarrell right or wrong,
But in a cause which truth can not defarre:[1]
He ought himself for to make sure and strong,
Justice to keep mixt with mercy among:
And no quarrell a knight ought to take
But for a Truth, or for a Woman's sake.

Stephen Hawes
(*d.* 1523).

[1] Undo.

PLEASURE IT IS

PLEASURE it is
To hear, iwis,[1]
The birdës sing.
The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale,
The corn springing;
God's purveyance
For sustenance
It is for man.
Then we always
To Him give praise,
And thank Him than,
And thank Him than.

WILLIAM CORNISH
(1510).

IN YOUTH IS PLEASURE

IN a harbour grene aslepe whereas I lay,
The byrdes sang swete in the middès of the day,
I dreamèd fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go—
But when I waked it was not so:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight
Which is my joy and hartes delight:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

ROBERT WEVER
(1550).

[1] In sooth.

THE BOWER OF BLISS

. THERE the most daintie Paradise on ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appearèd in no place.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see:
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so colourèd
That wight who did not well avis'd it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That them selves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weepe.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jaspar shining bright
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as att once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

EDMUND SPENSER
(1552?-99).

DISCORD

. . Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve far underground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily out-win:
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung;
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast;
Altars defyld, and holy things defast;
Disshevered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captivèd, and huge armies slaine,
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

Such was her house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she her selfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes;
Which, when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended.
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart discided,
That never thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne;
For all this world's fair workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusiòn to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessèd Concord hath together tide. . . .

EDMUND SPENSER.

FROM "DAPHNAÏDA"

AN ELEGY

SHE fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde.
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blowne downe with winde.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse. .

And ever as I see the starres to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call
How my fair Starre (that shinde on me so bright)
Fell sodainly and faded under ground;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

EDMUND SPENSER.

MY TRUE LOVE

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney
(1554-86).

GOD BE IN MY HEAD

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;

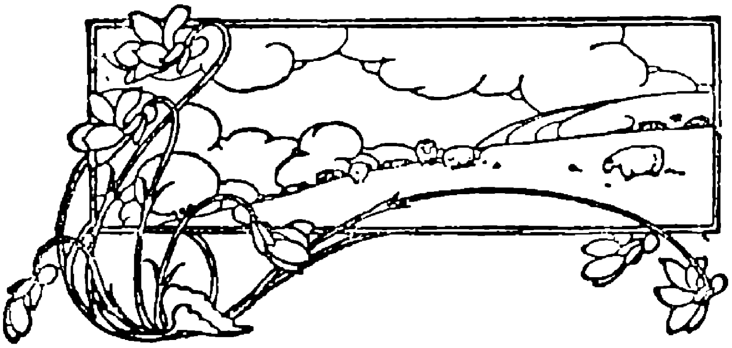
God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

Anonymous
(1558).



THE JOLLY SHEPHERD

Jolly shepherd, shepherd on a hill,
    On a hill so merrily,
    On a hill so cheerily,
Fear not, shepherd, there to pipe thy fill,
  Fill every dale, fill every plain:
  Both sing and say, "Love feels no pain."

Jolly shepherd, shepherd in the shade,
    In the shade so merrily,
    In the shade so cheerily,
Joy in thy life, life of shepherd's trade,
  Joy in thy love, love full of glee:
  Both sing and say, "Sweet Love for me."

Jolly shepherd, shepherd here or there,
    Here or there so merrily,
    Here or there so cheerily,
Or in thy chat, either at thy cheer,
  In every jig, in every lay
  Both sing and say, "Love lasts for aye."

John Wootton
(16th Century?).

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night
  Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat
  Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
  To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
  Did in the air appear;
Who, scorchèd with excessive heat,
  Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames,
  Which with His tears were bred:
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born
  In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
  Or feel my fire but I!

"My faultless breast the furnace is;
  The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
  The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
  And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
  Are men's defilèd souls:
For which, as now on fire I am
  To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
  To wash them in my blood."
With this He vanish'd out of sight
  And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind
  That it was Christmas Day.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561?-95).

WHEN IN THE CHRONICLE OF WASTED TIME

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
  I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
  In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
  Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
  Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
  Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
  They had not skill enough your worth to sing:

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
(1564-1616).

FROM YOU HAVE I BEEN ABSENT IN THE SPRING

FROM you have I been absent in the Spring,
  When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
  That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
  Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any Summer's story tell,
  Or from their proud lap pluck them where they gre

Nor did I wonder at the Lily's white,
  Nor praise the deep vermilion in the Rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
  Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it Winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY?

SHALL I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:

But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TO ME, FAIR FRIEND, YOU NEVER CAN BE OLD

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
  For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three Winters cold
  Have from the forests shook three Summers' pride,

Three beauteous Springs to yellow Autumn turned
  In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
  Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
  Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
  Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's Summer dead.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FAIR HOUSE OF JOY

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me.
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
    Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
    To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
    I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
    And fall before thee.

HUME'S *The First Part of Airs*
(16th Century).

DEATH

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

JOHN DONNE
(1573-1631).

ÆGLAMOUR'S LAMENT

HERE she was wont to go, and here, and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the Spring by following her;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk;
But like the soft west-wind she shot along;

And where she went, the flowers took thickest root
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

BEN JONSON
(1573?-1637).

ECHO'S LAMENT FOR NARCISSUS

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt
tears;
Yet, slower yet; O faintly, gentle springs;
List to the heavy part the music bears;
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

Ben Jonson.

WITCH'S CHARM

The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain.

The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a-turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a-burning:

The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool:
Their livers I stick with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in!
Spur, spur upon little Martin!

Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip in your hand to make him go!

BEN JONSON.

STILL TO BE NEAT

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT AND SING

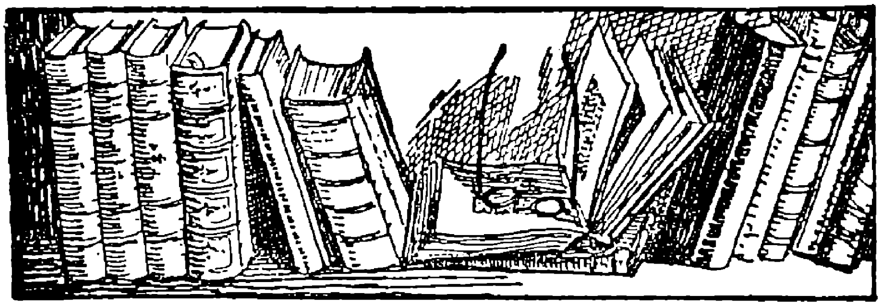
YE little birds that sit and sing
  Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
  Within her garden-alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah me, methinks I see her frown!
  Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking, she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

THOMAS HEYWOOD
(1576?-1649?)



THE GLORIOUS COURT

That place, that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account: and in my fancy,
Deface their ill-planned statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care
To augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge. Lights there for my study!

John Fletcher
(1579-1625).

THE BOOK

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:

Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;

Or, if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

William Drummond
(1585-1649).

THIS LIFE

This Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admirèd—in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

William Drummond.

THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERDESS

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
  I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
  Burning in flames beyond all measure:
    —Three days endured your love to me,
    And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see,
  To whom your heart was soon enchainèd;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
  Full soon my place he had obtainèd.
    Soon came a third your love to win,
    And we were out and he was in.
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Anonymous
(1589).

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

SHUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night
    Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
    Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;
    No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
    Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
    Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
    Itself to live or die.

ROBERT HERRICK
(1591-1674).

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
  See how Aurora throws her fair
  Fresh-quilted colours through the air!
  Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
  The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since; yet you not drest—
  Nay! not so much as out of bed,
  When all the birds have matins said,
  And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
  Nay, profanation, to keep in—
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
  And sweet as Flora. Take no care
  For jewels for your gown or hair:
  Fear not; the leaves will strew
  Gems in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
  Come, and receive them while the light
  Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
  And Titan on the eastern hill
  Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come! and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
  Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
  Devotion gives each house a bough
  Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
  An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love
  Can such delights be in the street
  And open fields, and we not see't?
  Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
  The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying·
But, my Corinna, come! let's go a-Maying.

Come! let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
  We shall grow old apace, and die
  Before we know our liberty.
  Our life is short; and our days run
  As fast away as does the sun:
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
  So when or you or I are made
  A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come! let's go a-Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ETERNITY

O YEARS! and Age! Farewell:
Behold I go,
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' th' Sea
Of vast Eternity.

Where never Moon shall sway
The Stars; but she,
And Night, shall be
Drown'd in one endless Day.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte
—Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet[1] and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
—Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

[1] Salt.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
  —*Every nighte and alle,*
Sit thee down and put them on;
  And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gave nane,
  —*Every nighte and alle,*
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
  And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
  —*Every nighte and alle,*
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
  And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
  —*Every nighte and alle,*
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
  And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
  —*Every nighte and alle,*
The fire sall never make thee shrink,
  And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat and drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
  —*Every nighte and alle,*
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
  And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
  —*Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
  And Christe receive thy saule.

Anonymous
(16th Century ?).

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE?

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move,
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of Art;
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove,
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhat young;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1591-1643?).

WHEREFORE HIDEST THOU THY FACE?

Why dost Thou shade Thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand, so long, deny
The Sun-shine of Thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that Light what light remains in me?
Thou art my Life, my Way, my Light; in Thee
I live, I move, and by Thy beams I see.

Thou art my Life; if Thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: Thou art my Way;
Without Thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My Light Thou art; without Thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are dark'ned with perpetual night.
My God, Thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

Thou art my Way; I wander, if Thou fly:
Thou art my Light; if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my Life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see;
To whom, or whither should my darkness flee,
But to the Light? And who's that Light but Thee?

My path is lost; my wand'ring steps do stray;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;
Whom should I seek but Thee, my Path, my Way?

O, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair? To whom shall my sad ashes fly
But Life? And where is Life but in Thine eye?

Francis Quarles
(1592-1644).

RESPICE FINEM

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done.
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

EASTER

I GOT me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

Yet though my flowers be lost, they say
A heart can never come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.

GEORGE HERBERT
(1593-1633).

SWEET PEACE, WHERE DOST THOU DWELL?

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly
crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there?
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No:
Go seek elsewhere."

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperial: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE SEVEN VIRGINS

ALL under the leaves and the leaves of life
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

"O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,
All under the leaves of life?
Come tell, come tell, what seek you
All under the leaves of life?"

"We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine;
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our guide and thine."

"Go down, go down, to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery;
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
Nail'd to a big yew-tree."

So down they went to yonder town
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a grievous bitter tear
From the virgins' eyes did fall.

"O peace, Mother! O peace, Mother!
Your weeping doth me grieve:
I must suffer this," He said,
"For Adam and for Eve.

"O Mother, take you John Evangelist
All for to be your son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done."

"O come, thou John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me;
But more welcome my own dear Son,
Whom I nursed on my knee."

Then He laid his head on His right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck Him nigh—
"The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die."

O the rose, the gentle rose,
  And the fennel that grows so green!
God give us grace in every place
  To pray for our king and queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all
  Our prayers they should be strong:
Amen, good Lord; your charity
  Is the ending of my song.

Anonymous
(16th Century ?).

SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

Thomas Carew
(1595?-1639?).

A PEDLAR

FINE knacks for ladies! cheap, choice, brave, and new,
  Good pennyworths—but money cannot move:
I keep a fair but for the Fair to view—
  A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true,
              The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again;
  My trifles come as treasures from my mind:
It is a precious jewel to be plain;
  Sometimes in shell the orient'st pearls we find:—
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain!
              Of me a grain!

DOWLAND'S *Second Book of Songs or Airs* (1600).

THE MOON

LOOK how the pale Queen of the silent night
  Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
  With his full tide is ready her to honour.

But when the silver waggon of the Moon
  Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
  And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.

So you that are the sovereign of my heart,
  Have all my joys attending on your will,
My joys low ebbing when you do depart,
  When you return, their tide my heart doth fill.

So as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

CHARLES BEST
(1602).

MY LADY'S TEARS

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
  Her face was full of woe;
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

  Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare:
  She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

DOWLAND'S *Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs* (1603).

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes [1] in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke [2] nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh; [3]
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

[1] Troubles. [2] Marsh. [3] Trench.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
  Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
  Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
  She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
  Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
  And up and crew the grey;
The eldest to the youngest said,
  "'Tis time we were awa'."

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
  And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
  "Brother, we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
  The channerin'[1] worm doth chide;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
  A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
  Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
  She'll go mad ere it be day."

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
  Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
  That kindles my mother's fire!"

Anonymous
(17th Century?).

[1] Fretting.

HIS MISTRESS

I HAVE a mistress, for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice;
And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers.
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,
And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

THOMAS RANDOLPH
(1605-35).

MORNING

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
  And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes your window for the east,
  And to implore your light, he sings;
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
  The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
  Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
(1606-68).

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy.
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;
There, under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crue,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to com, in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before.
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Som time walking, not unseen,
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Wher the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman, neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures;
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray;

Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two agèd Okes,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead.
Som times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How Faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd, she sed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,

His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend,
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And, Crop-full, out of dores he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.

And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linckèd sweetnes, long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON
(1608-74).

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding joyes,
  The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
  Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toyes!
Dwell in som idle brain,
  And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
  As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams;
Or likest hovering dreams
  The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddes, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;

Com, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of Cipres Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Jove's Altar sing:
And adde to these retirèd Leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will daign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke
Gently, o're th' accustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musicall, most melancholy!
Thee, Chauntress, oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy eeven-Song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
And, oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging slow, with sullen roar;
Or, if the Ayr will not permit,
Som still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,

Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drousie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm.

But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowèd Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To somthing like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON.

EVENING

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

JOHN MILTON.

HOW SOON HATH TIME

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

THE GARDEN

. . WHAT wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

ANDREW MARVELL
(1621-78).

A DROP OF DEW

SEE how the orient dew
Shed from the brimming eyes of morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies
Shines with a mournful light. . . .

Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,

Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green
And recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.

ANDREW MARVELL.

TO HIS BOOKS

By sucking you the wise, like bees, do grow
Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
Because most choicely; for as great a store
Have we of books as bees of herbs, or more;
And the great task to try, then know, the good,
To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
Is a rare scant performance. For man dies
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flies.
But you were all choice flowers; all set and dressed
By old sage florists, who well knew the best.

HENRY VAUGHAN
(1622-95).

WONDER

How like an angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear,
O, how their glory me did crown!
The world resembled His Eternity,
In which my soul did walk,
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies, in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air,
O, how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all His glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine;
O, how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones:
In joy and beauty they appear'd to me;
And every thing which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorn'd the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white, and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great wonders clothed with glory did appear;
Amazement was my bliss;
That and my wealth was everywhere;
No joy to this! . .

THOMAS TRAHERNE
(1637?-74).

WARRIORS

I HATE those potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

JOHN CROWNE
(1640-1703?

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT

. . . PERHAPS I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorred that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dullness moved his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confessed,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learned by rote.

JONATHAN SWIFT
(1667-1745).

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY
(1685-1732).

PEGGY

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking[1] of the fauld.

[1] Watching.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
  Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
  My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
    To a' the lave[1] I'm cauld,
  But she gars a' my spirits glow
    At wawking of the fauld.

  My Peggy smiles sae kindly
    Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
  My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
    It makes me blyth and bauld,
  And naething gives me sic delight
    As wawking of the fauld.

  My Peggy sings sae saftly
    When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best;
  My Peggy sings sae saftly,
    And in her sangs are tauld
  With innocence the wale[2] of sense,
    At wawking of the fauld.

ALLAN RAMSAY
(1686-1758).

[1] Rest.

[2] Best.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart
  There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
  And through the streets does cry them;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To such as please to buy them.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
  So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
  I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
  A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
  To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley

My master carries me to church,
  And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
  As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
  And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
  O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
  I'll give it to my honey:
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
  I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

HENRY CAREY
(1687?-1743).

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er;
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

ALEXANDER POPE
(1688-1744).

THE LAND OF DROWSY-HEAD

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd e'en for play.

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurlèd everywhere their water's sheen,
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds y-blent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of black'ning pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
    to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

James Thomson
(1700-48).

EVENING

. . . Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems:

A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers; not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone.

William Cowper
(1731-1800).

AMBITION

First Envy, eldest-born of hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorred; with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life;
Puny impiety! Whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* murder made a villain:
Millions, a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Beilby Porteus
(1731-1808).

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME

COME all ye jolly shepherds
  That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
  That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
  That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
  When the kye come hame.
        When the kye come hame,
        When the kye come hame,
      'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
        When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
  Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
  Nor yet on bed of down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
  In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
  When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
  For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough,
  Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
  And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
  When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
  And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
  Has fauldit up his e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
  Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
  When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
  The haill soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
  And joy in every smile;
Oh, who would choose a crown,
  Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
  When the kye come hame?

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
  What comfort can they gie?
And a' the airts that prey
  On man's life and libertie!
Gie me the highest joy
  That the heart o' man can frame—
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
  When the kye come hame.

Anonymous
(18th Century?).

MY BOY TAMMY

"WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?"
"I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courtin' o' this young thing just come from her Mammy."

"And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
Whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?"
"I gat her down in yonder howe,[1]
Smiling on a broomy knowe,[2]
Herding a wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy."

"What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?"
"I hae a house, it cost me dear:
I've walth o' plenishen and gear:
Yese get it a', war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy.

"The smile gaed aff her bonny face—'I mauna leave my Mammy!'
The smile gaed aff her bonny face—'I mauna leave my Mammy!
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days;
My Father's death brought mony waes—I canna leave my Mammy!'"

"We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind-hearted Lammy;
We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind-hearted Lammy!
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days:"
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says, "There, gang and ask my Mammy."

[1] Hollow. [2] Hillock.

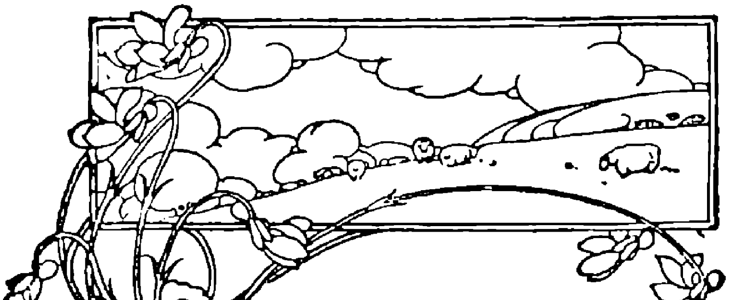
"Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?
Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?"
"She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,
But O! she's but a young thing just come frae her
    Mammy."

HECTOR MACNEILL
(1746-1818).

THE LARK'S ASCENT

THOU hearest the Nightingale begin the song of
    Spring:
The lark sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
Appears, listens silent, then springing from the
    waving corn-field, loud
He leads the Choir of Day—trill, trill, trill, trill!
Mounting upon the wing of light into the Great
    Expanse,
Re-echoing against the lovely blue and shining
    heavenly Shell,
His little throat labours with inspiration; every
    feather
On throat and breast and wings vibrates with the
    effluence Divine.
All Nature listens silent to him, and the awful Sun
Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this
    little Bird
With eyes of soft humidity and wonder, love,
    and awe.

WILLIAM BLAKE
(1757-1827).



OF ENGLAND

And did those feet in ancient time
  Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
  On England's pleasant pasture seen?

And did the countenance divine
  Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
  Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold,
  Bring me my arrows of desire,
Bring me my spear, O clouds, unfold!
  Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
  In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

TO THE EVENING STAR

THOU Fair-haired Angel of the Evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy brilliant torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves; and whilst thou drawest round
The curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that closes its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun forest:
The fleeces of the flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE PRINCE OF LOVE

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
  And tasted all the summer's pride!
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
  Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
  And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
  Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
  And Phœbus fired my vocal rage,
He caught me in his silken net,
  And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
  Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
  And mocks my loss of liberty.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786

WEE modest crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
        Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
        Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies! .

ROBERT BURNS
(1759-96).

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing ever into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,

His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love.

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

William Wordsworth
(1770-1850).

ON MILTON

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee. She is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
  Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
  And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
  Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
  And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
  And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
  His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
  Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
  Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
  Sall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
  The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
  And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
  The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
  Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT
(1771-1832).

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

WHERE shall the lover rest
    Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
    Parted for ever?—
Where, through groves deep and high
    Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
    Under the willow.
      Eleu loro
    Soft shall be his pillow.

There through the summer day
    Cool streams are laving:
There, while the tempests sway
    Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
    Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
    Never, O never!
      Eleu loro
    Never, O never!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GLYCINE'S SONG

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
  From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
  Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
  Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
  All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay:
  Sweet month of May, we must away;
  Far, far away! to-day! to-day!"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772-1834).

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
   Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
   But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
      The shadow of the dome of pleasure
   Floated midway on the waves;

Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
  Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
  Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!

Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

BLANCO WHITE
(1775-1841).

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
  Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
  Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON
(1788-1824).

FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
  With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
  Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
  Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
  As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
  Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

  Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
  Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
  Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

  Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
  With living hues and odours plain and hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
  Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

  Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
  Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
  Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystàlline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
  As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision—I would ne'er have striven

  As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
  I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
  What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

  Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
  My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
  Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

  Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
  Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792-1822).

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory——
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE MOON

I

And, like a dying lady lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky east
A white and shapeless mass.

II

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE QUESTION

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
  Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
  Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
  Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as Thou mightest in
    dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
  Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
  Faint oxslips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that
    wets—
  Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
  Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
  Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
  With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—O! to Whom?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BONNY LASSIE O!

O THE evening's for the fair, bonny lassie O!
To meet the cooler air and walk an angel there,
With the dark dishevelled hair,
Bonny lassie O!

The bloom's on the brere, bonny lassie O!
Oak apples on the tree; and wilt thou gang to see
The shed I've made for thee,
Bonny lassie O!

'Tis agen the running brook, bonny lassie O!
In a grassy nook hard by, with a little patch of sky
And a bush to keep us dry,
Bonny lassie O!

There's the daisy all the year, bonny lassie O!
There's the king-cup bright as gold, and the speed-
well never cold,
And the arum leaves unrolled,
Bonny lassie O!

O meet me at the shed, bonny lassie O!
With the woodbine peeping in, and the roses like
thy skin,
Blushing, thy praise to win,
Bonny lassie O!

I will meet thee there at e'en, bonny lassie O!
When the bee sips in the bean, and grey willow
branches lean,
And the moonbeam looks between,
Bonny lassie O!

JOHN CLARE
(1793-1864).

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list

To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878).

DEADMAN'S DIRGE

PRAYER unsaid, and Mass unsung,
Deadman's dirge must still be rung:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound!
Mermen chant his dirge around!

Wash him bloodless, smooth him fair,
Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go!
Mermen swing them to and fro!

In the wormless sand shall he
Feast for no foul glutton be:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime!
Mermen keep the tone and time!

We must with a tombstone brave
Shut the shark out from his grave:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll!
Mermen dirgers ring his knoll!

Such a slab will we lay o'er him,
All the dead shall rise before him:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom!
Mermen lay him in his tomb!

GEORGE DARLEY
(1795-1846).

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS
(1795-1821).

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
  What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
    For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unweariѐd,
  For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
    For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
  That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
    A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
    Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
  Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
    Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
  "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

JOHN KEATS.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thine happiness,—
    That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
        In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stainèd mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
      dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs;
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
  And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
    Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
      But here there is no light,
  Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
    Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
      ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
  To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
  As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
  Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
    Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
      In the next valley-glades:
  Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
    Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

BONNY GEORGE CAMPBELL

HIE upon Hielands
  And low upon Tay,
Bonny George Campbell
  Rode out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
  And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
  But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither
  Greeting fu' sair,
And out cam his bonnie bride
  Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
  And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
  But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,
  And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
  And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
  And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
  But never cam he!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL
(1797-1835).

IN THE SPRING

MY love is the maïd ov all maïdens,
  Though all mid be comely,
Her skin's lik' the jessamy blossom
  A-spread in the Spring.

Her smile is so sweet as a baby's
  Young smile on his mother.
Her eyęs be as bright as the dew-drop
  A-shed in the Spring.

O grey-leafy pinks o' the geärden,
  Now bear her sweet blossoms;
Now deck wi' a rwose-bud, O briar,
  Her head in the Spring.

O light-rollèn wind, blow me hither
  The vaïce ov her talkèn;
O bring vrom her veet the light doust
  She do tread in the Spring.

O zun, meäke the gil'cups all glitter
In goold all around her,
An' meäke o' the deäisys' white flowers
A bed in the Spring.

O whissle, gay birds, up bezide her,
In drong-way [1] an' woodlands.
O zing, swingèn lark, now the clouds
Be a-vied [2] in the Spring.

WILLIAM BARNES
(1801-86).

EVENING, AND MAIDENS

Now the shiades o' the elems da stratch muore and muore,
Vrom the low-zinkèn zun in the west o' the sky;
An' the mâidens da stan' out in clusters avore
The doors, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

An' ther cuombs be a-zet in ther bunches o' hiair,
An' ther curdles da hang roun' ther necks lily-white,
An' ther cheäks tha be ruosy, ther shoulders be biare,
Ther looks tha be merry, ther limbs tha be light.

An' the times have a-been—but tha cānt be noo muore—
When I, too, had my jây under evemen's dim sky,
When my Fanny did stan' out wi' others avore
Her door, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

[1] Hedged-track. [2] Flown.

An' up there, in the green, is her own honey-zuck,
That her brother trâin'd up roun' her winder; an'
there
Is the ruose an' the jessamy, where she did pluck
A flow'r var her buzom ar bud var her hiair.

An' zoo smile, happy mâidens! var every fiace,
As the zummers da come an' the years da roll by,
Wull soon sadden, ar goo vur awoy vrom the pliace,
Ar else, lik' my Fanny, wull wither an' die.

But when you be a-lost vrom the parish, some muore
Wull come on in y'ur pliazen to bloom an' to die;
An' zoo zummer wull always have mâidens avore
Ther doors, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

Var dā'ters ha' marnen when mothers ha' night,
An' there's beauty alive when the fiairest is dead;
As when oon sparklèn wiave da zink down vrom
the light,
Another da come up an' catch it instead.

Zoo smile on, happy mâidens! but I shall noo muore
Zee the mâid I da miss under evemen's dim sky;
An' my heart is a-touch'd to zee you out avore
The doors, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

William Barnes.

THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
  Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
  St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
  Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
  Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seem'd to say—
  "Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
  Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
  Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
  And warm'd himself in Court or College,
He had not gain'd an honest friend
  And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
  With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
  And not the Vicarage, or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipt from politics to puns,
  It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablish'd Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them,
For all who understood admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
  Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
  And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
  Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
  In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
  And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
  And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
  The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
  Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
  Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
  To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
  When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose praise is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you.
"Hic jacet Gvlielmvs Brown,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

WINTHROP M. PRAED
(1802-39).

DAYS

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will—
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachèd garden, watch'd the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turn'd and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
(1803-82)

THE TRUE MARTYR

THE Martyr worthiest of the bleeding name
Is he whose life a bloodless part fulfils;
Whom racks nor tortures tear, nor poniard kills,
Nor heat of bigots' sacrificial flame:

But whose great soul can to herself proclaim
The fullness of the everlasting ills
With which all pained Creation writhes and thrills,
And yet pursue unblenched her solemn aim;

Who works, all-knowing work's futility;
Creates, all-conscious of ubiquitous death;
And hopes, believes, adores, while Destiny
Points from life's steep to all her graves beneath;

Whose Thought 'mid scorching woes is found apart—
Perfect amid the flames, like Cranmer's heart!

THOMAS WADE (1805-75).

I DARED TO REST

I DARED to rest, or wander
And view the ground's most gentle dimplement,
(As if God's finger touched but did not press,
In making England!) such an up and down
Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down;
A ripple of land, such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb;
Such nooks of valleys, lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
And open pastures, where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out,
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING (1806-61).

FLUSH OR FAUNUS

You see this dog. It was but yesterday
I mused forgetful of his presence here
Till thought on thought drew downward tear on tear;
When from the pillow, where wet-cheeked I lay,
A head as hairy as Faunus, thrust its way
Right sudden against my face,—two golden-clear
Great eyes astonished mine,—a drooping ear
Did flap me on either cheek to dry the spray!
I started first, as some Arcadian,
Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove;
But, as the bearded vision closelier ran
My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above
Surprise and sadness,—thanking the true Pan,
Who, by low creatures, leads to heights of love.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

THE ARSENAL

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
  Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
  Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
  When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
  Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
  The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
  In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer;
  Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song;
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
  O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
  Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din;
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
  Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
  The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
  The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
  The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
  The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
  With such accursèd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
  And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
  Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
  There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
  And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
  Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
  The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
  I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
  The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
  The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW
(1807-82).

THE HENCHMAN

My lady walks her morning round,
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers;
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers;
The least of all her worshippers,
The dust beneath her dainty heel,
She knows not that I see or feel.

Oh, proud and calm!—she cannot know
Where'er she goes with her I go;
Oh, cold and fair!—she cannot guess
I kneel to share her hound's caress!

Gay knights beside her hunt and hawk,
I rob their ears of her sweet talk;
Her suitors come from east and west,
I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words,
I greet her with the song of birds;
I reach her with her green-arm'd bowers,
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,
The wind and I uplift her veil;
As if the calm, cold moon she were,
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share
The licence of the sun and air,
And in a common homage hide
My worship from her scorn and pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,
I breathe her charmèd atmosphere,
Wherein to her my service brings
The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,
My dumb devotion shall not shame;
The love that no return doth crave
To knightly levels lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,
To splinter in my lady's sight;
But, at her feet, how blest were I
For any need of hers to die!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(1807-92).

In the greenest of our valleys
    By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
    Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
    It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
    Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
    On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
    Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
    In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
    A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
    Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically
    To a lute's well-tunèd law,

Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah! let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR ALLAN POE
(1809-49).

STANZAS FROM OMAR KHAYYAM

THE Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
  Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
  How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
  And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and Future Fears:
  To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
  Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink
  And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

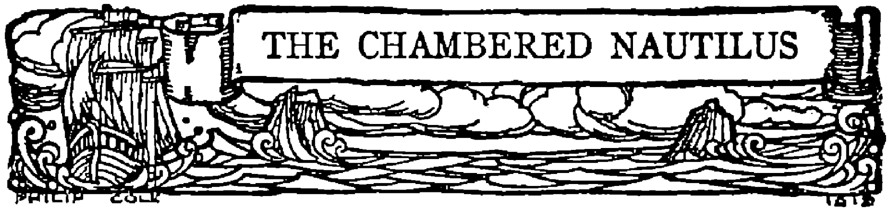
Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
  Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
  The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
  How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
  And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

EDWARD FITZGERALD
(1809-83).



THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral-reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(1809-94).

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops
Three silent pinnacles of agèd snow,
Stood sunset-flushed: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

ALFRED TENNYSON
(1809-92).

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an agèd wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
  There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
    with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SONG OF DAVID

THEN I tuned my harp—took off the lilies we twine round its chords,
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noon-tide—those sunbeams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star

Into eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far!
Then the tune, for which quails on the cornland
will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then what makes the crickets
elate
Till for boldness they fight one another; and then,
what has weight
To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand-
house—
There are none such as he for a wonder—half bird
and half mouse;
God made all the creatures, and gave them our
love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are His children, one
family here.
Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their
wine-song, when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life. And
then the last song
When the dead man is praised on his journey—
"Bear, bear him along;
With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets!
Are balm seeds not here
To console us? The land has left none such as he
on the bier.
Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!" And
then the glad chaunt
Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens; next
she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling. And then,
the great march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and
buttress an arch

Nought can break; who shall harm them, our
friends? Then the chorus intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar in glory
enthroned.
But I stopped here; for here in the darkness Saul
groaned.
And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and
listened apart;
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered;
and sparkles 'gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once
with a start,
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies courageous
at heart.
So the head: but the body still moved not, still
hung there erect.
And I bent once again to my playing, pursued it
unchecked,
As I sang—
"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels
waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew
unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock
up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the
cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of
the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in
his lair;
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with
gold-dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full
draught of wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung
The low song of the newly-departed, and heard her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, "Let one more attest
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best!"

ROBERT BROWNING
(1812-89).

SUMMUM BONUM

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
  All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
  Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
    Truth, that's brighter than gem,
    Trust, that's purer than pearl,—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
    In the kiss of one girl.

ROBERT BROWNING.

FROM "ABT VOGLER"

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
  Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
  Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
  The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
  On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

ROBERT BROWNING.

NIGHT OF SPRING

Slow, horses, slow,
As through the wood we go—
We would count the stars in heaven,
Hear the grasses grow.

Watch the cloudlets few
Dappling the deep blue,
In our open palms outspread
Catch the blessèd dew.

Slow, horses, slow,
As through the wood we go—
We would see fair Dian rise
With her huntress bow:

We would hear the breeze
Ruffling the dim trees,
Hear its sweet love-ditty set
To endless harmonies.

Slow, horses, slow,
As through the wood we go—
All the beauty of the night
We would learn and know!

Thomas Westwood
(1814-88).

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as wither'd weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchor'd on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroy'd.

EMILY BRONTË
(1819-48).

SONG FOR ALL SEAS ALL SHIPS

To-day a rude brief recitative,
Of ships sailing the seas, each with its special flag
or ship-signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships—of waves spreading
and spreading far as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,
And out of these a chant for the sailors of all
nations,
Fitful, like a surge.

Of sea-captains young and old, and the mates, and
of all intrepid sailors,
Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can
never surprise nor death dismay,
Picked sparingly without noise by thee, old ocean,
chosen by thee,
Thou sea that pickest and cullest the race in time,
and unitest nations,
Suckled by thee, old husky nurse, embodying thee,
Indomitable, untamed as thee. . . .

Flaunt out, O sea, your separate flags of nations!
Flaunt out visible as ever the various ship-signals!
But do you reserve especially for yourself and for
the soul of man one flag above all the rest,

A spiritual woven signal for all nations, emblem of
man elate above death,
Token of all brave captains and all intrepid sailors
and mates,
And all that went down doing their duty,
Reminiscent of them, twined from all intrepid
captains young or old,
A pennant universal, subtly waving all time, o'er
all brave sailors,
All seas, all ships.

WALT WHITMAN
(1819-92).

RECONCILIATION

WORD over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war, and all the deeds of carnage,
must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night
incessantly softly wash again, and ever again,
this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself
is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in his
coffin—I draw near,
Bend down, and touch lightly with my lips the
white face in the coffin.

WALT WHITMAN.

AUSPEX

My heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it;
And when the last shall go,
The dreary days, to fill it,
Instead of lark or linnet,
Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,
Without the passion stronger
That sky-ward longs and sings,—
Woe's me, I shall be lonely
When I can feel no longer
The impatience of their wings!

A moment, sweet delusion,
Like birds the brown leaves hover;
But it will not be long
Before their wild confusion
Fall wavering down to cover
The poet and his song.

James R. Lowell
(1819-91).

WHEN THE WORLD IS BURNING

When the world is burning,
Fired within, yet turning
  Round with face unscathed;
Ere fierce flames, uprushing,
O'er all lands leap, crushing,
  Till earth fall, fire-swathed;

Up amidst the meadows,
Gently through the shadows,
  Gentle flames will glide,
Small, and blue, and golden.
Though by bard beholden,
When in calm dreams folden,—
  Calm his dreams will bide.

Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping,
  Shall the soft lights start;
Laughing maids, unstaying,
Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
  O'er the lights shall dart;
And the woodland haunter,
Shall not cease to saunter
  When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning,
One soft flame upturning
Seems, to his discerning,
  Crocus in the shade.

EBENEZER JONES
(1820-60).

THE SCHOLAR GIPSY

GO, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill!
  Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
    No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
  Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
    Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head!
      But when the fields are still,

And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green;
Come, Shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use—
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, Shepherd, will I be!
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,

Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars whom at college erst he knew
Met him, and of his way of life inquir'd.
Whereat he answer'd, that the Gipsy crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains;
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
"And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill!"

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—
But rumours hung about the country-side
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the Gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering.

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly;
  And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
    And put the shepherds, Wanderer, on thy trace;
  And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
    I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;
      Or in my boat I lie
  Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,
    'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
    And watch the warm green-muffled Cumner hills,
  And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retirèd ground!
  Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
    Returning home on summer nights, have met
  Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,
    Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
      As the punt's rope chops round;
  And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
    And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
    Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
  And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream!

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!
  Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
    To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
  Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
    Or cross a stile into the public way.
      Oft thou hast given them store
  Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,
    Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
    And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
  But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee watching, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,
Where most the Gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground call'd Thessaly—
The blackbird picking food

Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all!
So often has he known thee past him stray
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face toward Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climb'd the hill
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snow-flakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a Gipsy tribe.
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid!
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
(1822-88).

RUGBY CHAPEL

. . . O STRONG soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succourest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?—
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die—

Perish—and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
Then, on the height, comes the storm.
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply;
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;
Roaring torrents have breach'd
The track, the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep—the spray
Boils o'er its borders!—aloft
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin;—alas,

Havoc is made in our train!
Friends, who set forth at our side,
Falter, are lost in the storm.
We, we only are left!—
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compress'd, we strain on,
On—and at nightfall at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks
Whom in our party we bring?
Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring
Only ourselves! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm.
Hardly ourselves we fought through,
Stripp'd, without friends, as we are.
Friends, companions, and train
The avalanche swept from our side.
  But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE TOYS

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd—
His Mother, who was patient, being dead—
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own,
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-96).

PRAISE AND LOVE

TELL me, Praise, and tell me, Love,
What you both are thinking of?

"O, we think," said Love, said Praise,
"Now of children and their ways."

Give me of your cup to drink,
Praise, and tell me what you think.

"Oh, I think of crowns of gold
For the clever and the bold."

Then I turn'd to Love and said—
Love was glowing heavenly-red—

Give me of your cup to drink,
Love, and tell me what you think:

Let me taste your bitter sweet,
Who are those that kiss your feet?

Love look'd up—I read her eyes,
They were stars and they were skies.

Clinging to her garment's hem,
Smiling as I look'd at them,

There were children scarr'd and halt,
Children weeping for a fault;

Those who scarcely dared to raise
Doubtful eyes to smiling Praise.

Love look'd round, and Praise and Pride
Brought their glad ones to her side.

"Yea, these too!" she said, or sang;
And the world with music rang.

William B. Rands
(1823-80).

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
  The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
  The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
  The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
  But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

Richard D. Blackmore
(1825-1900).

MARION

SHE can be as wise as we,
  And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
  And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
  And deal a wound that lingers:
She can talk the talk of men,
  And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her ye across the sea,
  Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
  With the eagle's eyrie.
Soft and loving is her soul,
  Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
  Passionate adoring.

Such a she who'll match with me?
  In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
  To set the world a-wooing.
She is stedfast as a star,
  And yet the maddest maiden:
She can wage a gallant war,
  And give the peace of Eden.

GEORGE MEREDITH
(1828-1909).

THE WOODS OF WESTERMAIN

ENTER these enchanted woods,
    You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
    Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of dark
Quaver, and they quit their form:
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
    Have you by the hair.
Enter these enchanted woods,
    You who dare.

Here the snake across your path
Stretches in his golden bath:
Mossy-footed squirrels leap
Soft as winnowing plumes of Sleep:
Yaffles on a chuckle skim
Low to laugh from branches dim:
Up the pine, where sits the star,
Rattles deep the moth-winged jar:
Each has business of his own:
But should you distrust a tone,
    Then beware.
Shudder all the haunted roods,
All the eyeballs under hoods
    Shroud you in their glare.
Enter these enchanted woods,
    You who dare.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

DREAM LAND

WHERE sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmèd sleep:
 Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
 Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
 And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
 That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast:
Her face is towards the west,
 The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot feel the rain
 Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
 Till time shall cease:
Sleep that no pain shall wake;
Night that no morn shall break
Till joy shall overtake
 Her perfect peace.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI (1830-94).

REST

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessèd dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

Christina G. Rossetti.

THE LAUGH

An empty laugh, I heard it on the road
Shivering the twilight with its lance of mirth;
And yet, why empty? Knowing not its birth,
This much I know, that it goes up to God;
And if to God, from God it surely starts,
Who has within Himself the secret springs
Of all the lovely, causeless, unclaimed things,
And loves them in His very heart of hearts.

A girl of fifteen summers, pure and free,
Æolian, vocal to the lightest touch
Of fancy's winnowed breath—Ah, happy such
Whose life is music of the eternal sea!
Laugh on, laugh loud and long, O merry child;
And be not careful to unearth a cause:
Thou art serenely placed above our laws,
And we in thee with God are reconciled.

Thomas Edward Brown (1830-97).

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD WITH HIS SON

Oh, what harper could worthily harp it,
  Mine Edward! this wide-stretching wold
(Look out *wold*) with its wonderful carpet
  Of emerald, purple, and gold?
Look well at it—also look sharp, it
      Is getting so cold.

The purple is heather (*erica*);
  The yellow, gorse—call'd sometimes "whin."
Cruel boys on its prickles might spike a
  Queen beetle as if on a pin.
You may ride in it, if you would like a
      Few holes in your skin.

You wouldn't? Then think of how kind you
  Should be to the insects who crave
Your compassion—and then look behind you
  At yon barley-ears! Don't they look brave
As they undulate (*undulate*, mind you,
      From *unda*, a wave.)

The noise of those sheep-bells, how faint it
  Sounds here (on account of our height)!
And this hillock itself, who could paint it,
  With its changes of shadow and light?
Is it not—(never, Eddie, say "ain't it")—
      A marvellous sight?

Then yon desolate eerie morasses,
  The haunt of the snipe and the hern—
(I shall question the two upper classes
  On *aquatiles* when we return)—
Why, I see on them absolute masses
      Of *felix*, or fern.

How it interests e'en a beginner
   (Or *tiro*) like dear little Ned!
Is he listening? As I am a sinner,
   He's asleep—he is wagging his head.
Wake up! I'll go home to my dinner,
         And you to your bed.

The boundless ineffable prairie;
   The splendour of mountain and lake,
With their hues that seem ever to vary;
   The mighty pine-forests which shake
In the wind, and in which the unwary
         May tread on a snake;

And this wold, with its heathery garment,
   Are themes undeniably great.
But—although there is not any harm in't—
   It's perhaps little good to dilate
On their charms to a dull little varmint
         Of seven or eight.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY
(1831-84).

TOLERANCE

CALL no faith false which e'er has brought
Relief to any laden life,
Cessation from the pain of thought,
Refreshment 'mid the dust of strife.

What though the thing to which they kneel
Be dumb and dead as wood or stone,
Though all the rapture which they feel
Be for the worshipper alone?

They worship, they adore, they bow
Before the Ineffable Source, before
The hidden soul of good; and thou,
With all thy wit, what dost thou more?

Kneel with them, only if there come
Some zealot or sleek knave who strives
To mar the sanctities of home,
To tear asunder wedded lives;

Or who by subtle wile has sought,
By shameful promise, shameful threat,
To turn the thinker from his thought,
To efface the eternal landmarks set

'Twixt faith and knowledge; hold not peace
For such, but like a sudden flame
Let loose thy scorn on him, nor cease
Till thou hast covered him with shame.

Sir Lewis Morris
(1833-1907).

THE HEAVING ROSES OF THE HEDGE ARE STIRRED

The heaving roses of the hedge are stirred
By the sweet breath of summer, and the bird
Makes from within his jocund voice be heard.

The winds that kiss the roses sweep the sea
Of uncut grass, whose billows rolling free
Half drown the hedges which part lea from lea.

But soon shall look the wondering roses down
Upon an empty field cut close and brown,
That lifts no more its height against their own.

And in a little while those roses bright,
Leaf after leaf, shall flutter from their height,
And on the reapèd fields lie pink and white.

And yet again the bird that sings so high
Shall ask the snow for alms with piteous cry,
Take fright in his bewildering bower and die.

RICHARD W. DIXON
(1833-1900).

GIFTS

GIVE a man a horse he can ride,
  Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
  On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
  Give a man a book he can read:
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
  Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
  As I, O my love, love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,
  At home, on land, on sea.

JAMES THOMSON (B.V.)
(1834-82).

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OLD BED

THE wind's on the wold
And the night is a-cold,
And Thames runs chill
'Twixt mead and hill.
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
'Midst winter's harm.
Rest then and rest,
And think of the best
'Twixt summer and spring,
When all birds sing
In the town of the tree,
And ye lie in me,
And scarce dare move
Lest the earth and its love
Should fade away
Ere the full of the day.
I am old and have seen
Many things that have been;
Both grief and peace
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well
But this I say:
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst or best
Right good is rest.

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-96).

I KNOW A LITTLE GARDEN-CLOSE

I KNOW a little garden-close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillar'd house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before!

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea;
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskill'd to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death

An entrance to that happy place;
To seek the unforgotten face
Once seen, once kiss'd, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF

SAID Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—
"I toss alone on a forsaken tree,
It rocks and cracks with every gust that racks
Its straining bulk; say, how is it with thee?"

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—
"A heavy foot went by an hour ago;
Crushed into clay I stain the way;
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go."

Said Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—
"Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise;
Teach me a way to live till May
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes."

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—
"Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath?
Fade then and fall—thou hast had all
That Life can give: ask somewhat now of Death."

RICHARD GARNETT
(1835-1906).

MEET WE NO ANGELS, PANSIE?

CAME, on a Sabbath noon, my sweet,
  In white, to find her lover;
The grass grew proud beneath her fect,
  The green elm-leaves above her:—
    Meet we no angels, Pansie?

She said, "We meet no angels now";
  And soft lights stream'd upon her;
And with white hand she touch'd a bough;
  She did it that great honour:—
    What! meet no angels, Pansie?

O sweet brown hat, brown hair, brown eyes,
  Down-dropp'd brown eyes, so tender!
Then what said I? Gallant replies
  Seem flattery, and offend her:—
    But—meet no angels, Pansie?

THOMAS ASHE
(1836-89).

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

BEFORE the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
  Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
  And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
  And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
  And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
  And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;

He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909).

WHAT THE BULLET SANG

O JOY of creation,
To be!
O rapture, to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O my love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I—O love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?

BRET HARTE (1839-1902).

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

THE ladies of St. James's
  Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them
  With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
  Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
  Wear satin on their backs:
They sit all night at *ombre,*
  With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
  Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!
  They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
  Was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
  Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!
  They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever,
  Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily—
  It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!
  You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
  Their phrases are so grand:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
  The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!
  They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds,
  They frown on you—for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
  Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
  I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
  And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
  Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
  Is all the world to me!

AUSTIN DOBSON
(1840-1921).

RONDEAU

In after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
  Though ill or well the world adjust
  My slender claim to honour'd dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
  I shall be mute, as all men must
    In after days!

But yet, now living, fain would I
That some one then should testify,
  Saying—"He held his pen in trust
  To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
    In after days!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

WE ARE THE MUSIC-MAKERS

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth:
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation—
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming.
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dreams shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY
(1844-81).

WOOD-SONG

WHEN we are gone, love,
  Gone as the breeze,
Woods will be sweet, love,
  Even as these.

Sunflecks will dance, love,
  Even as now,
Here on the moss, love,
  Under the bough.

Others unborn, love,
  Maybe will sit
Here in the wood, love,
  Leafily lit;

Hearking as now, love,
  Treble of birds;
Breathing as we, love,
  Wondering words.

Others will sigh, love,
  Even as we:
"Only a day, love,"
  Murmurs the bee.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON
(1845-1907).

GOD'S LIKENESS

Not in mine own, but in my neighbour's face
Must I Thine image trace:
Nor he in his, but in the light of mine
Behold Thy face divine.

John Banister Tabb
(1845-1909).

EVOLUTION

Out of the dark a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes,
Life again.

John Banister Tabb.

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY
(1849–1903).

MARGARITÆ SORORI

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

WHEN you are old, and I am passed away—
Passed, and your face, your golden face, is grey—
I think, whate'er the end, this dream of mine,
Comforting you, a friendly star will shine
Down the dim slope where still you stumble and stray.

So may it be: that so dead Yesterday,
No sad-eyed ghost but generous and gay,
May serve you memories like almighty wine,
When you are old.

Dear Heart, it shall be so. Under the sway
Of death the past's enormous disarray
Lies hushed and dark. Yet, though there come no sign,
Live on well pleased: immortal and divine
Love shall still tend you, as God's angels may,
When you are old.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY.

IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
  And the young fair maidens
    Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
  Her more lovely music
    Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
  And the low green meadows
    Bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
  Lo, the valley hollow
    Lamp-bestarred!

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
  Through the trance of silence,
    Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
  Only winds and rivers,
    Life and death.

Robert Louis Stevenson
(1850-94).

SPRING WIND

O FULL-VOICED herald of immaculate Spring,
  With clarion gladness striking every tree
  To answering raptures, as a resonant sea
Fills rock-bound shores with thunders echoing—
O thou, each beat of whose tempestuous wing
  Shakes the long winter-sleep from hill and lea,
  And rouses with loud reckless jubilant glee
The birds that have not dared as yet to sing:—

O Wind that comest with prophetic cries,
  Hast thou indeed beheld the face that is
  The joy of poets and the glory of birds—
Spring's face itself:—hast thou 'neath bluer skies
  Met the warm lips that are the gates of bliss,
  And heard June's leaf-like whisper of sweet words?

WILLIAM SHARP
(1856-1905).

A RUNNABLE STAG

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
  And apples began to be golden-skinn'd,
We harbour'd a stag in the Priory coomb,
  And we feather'd his trail up-wind, up-wind,
  We feather'd his trail up-wind—
    A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
      A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
      Brow, bay, and tray, and three on top,
    A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
  And "Forwards" we heard the harbourer shout;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
  In the beechen underwood, driven out,
  From the underwood antler'd out
    By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
      The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
      Was bent on sleep, though beam'd and tined
    He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
  With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North;
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
  Before we tufted the right stag forth,
  Before we tufted him forth—
    The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
      The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
      Brow, bay, and tray, and three on top,
    The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
  That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
"Tally ho! Tally ho!" and the hunt was up,
  The tufters whipp'd, and the pack laid on,
  The resolute pack laid on,
    And the stag of warrant away at last,
      The runnable stag, the same, the same,
      His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
    A stag, a runnable stag.

"Let your gelding be: if you check or chide
  He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
  On hunters accustom'd to bear the brunt,
  Accustom'd to bear the brunt,

Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
  The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
  Brow, bay, and tray, and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
  The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
  And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
  The quarry went right ahead—
    Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;
      His antler'd crest, his cloven hoof,
      Brow, bay, and tray, and three aloof,
    The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
  By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
  Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
  Of harbourer, hounds and all—
    The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
      For twenty miles, and five and five,
      He ran, and he never was caught alive,
    This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turn'd at bay in the leafy gloom,
  In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
  And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
  In a wonderful vision of sleep—
    A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
      A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed,
      Under the sheltering ocean dead,
    A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
   And he open'd his nostrils wide again,
And he toss'd his branching antlers high
   As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,
   As he raced down the echoing glen—
      For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
         For twenty miles, and five and five,
         Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
      The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
   Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
   Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
   Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
      The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
         That slept at last in a jewell'd bed
         Under the sheltering ocean spread,
      The stag, the runnable stag.

JOHN DAVIDSON
(1857-1909).

JULY FUGITIVE

CAN you tell me where has hid her,
   Pretty Maid July?
I would swear one day ago
   She passed by;
I would swear that I do know
The blue bliss of her eye:
"Tarry, maid, maid," I bid her;
   But she hastened by.
Do you know where she has hid her,
   Maid July?

Yet in truth it needs must be
  The flight of her is old;
Yet in truth it needs must be,
  For her nest, the earth, is cold.
No more in the poolèd Even
  Wade her rosy feet,
Dawn-flakes no more plash from them
  To poppies 'mid the wheat.
She has muddied the day's oozes
  With her petulant feet;
Scared the clouds that floated
  As sea-birds they were,
Slow on the cœrule
  Lulls of the air,
Lulled on the luminous
  Levels of air:
She has chidden in a pet
  All her stars from her;
Now they wander loose and sigh
  Through the turbid blue,
Now they wander, weep, and cry—
  Yea, and I too—
"Where are you, sweet July,
  Where are you?"

Who hath beheld her footprints,
  Or the pathway she goes?
Tell me, wind, tell me, wheat,
  Which of you knows?
Sleeps she swathed in the flushed Arctic
  Night of the rose?
Or lie her limbs like Alp-glow
  On the lily's snows?
Gales, that are all-visitant,
  Find the runaway;

And for him who findeth her
  (I do charge you say)
I will throw largesse of broom
  Of this summer's mintage,
I will broach a honey-bag
  Of the bee's best vintage.
Breezes, wheat, flowers sweet,
  None of them knows!
How then shall we lure her back
  From the way she goes?
For it were a shameful thing,
  Saw we not this comer
Ere Autumn camp upon the fields
  Red with rout of Summer.

When the bird quits the cage,
  We set the cage outside,
With seed and with water,
  And the door wide,
Haply we may win it so
  Back to abide.
Hang her cage of earth out
  O'er Heaven's sunward wall,
Its four gates open, winds in watch
  By reinèd cars at all;
Relume in hanging hedgerows
  The rain-quenched blossom,
And roses sob their tears out
  On the gale's warm heaving bosom;
Shake the lilies till their scent
  Over-drip their rims,
That our runaway may see
  We do know her whims:
Sleek the tumbled waters out
  For her travelled limbs;

Strew and smooth blue night thereon,
   There will—O not doubt her!—
The lovely sleepy lady lie,
   With all her stars about her!

FRANCIS THOMPSON
(1859-1907).

TO A SNOWFLAKE

WHAT heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind:—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SPIRITUAL PASSION

I FEEL towards God, just as a woman might
Who hears her lord praised by the adoring crowd:
Who hears them hymn his strength with pæan loud—
His glory in thought or speech, his force in fight.
She knows him better. Thro' the silent night
She has watched his face beneath keen sorrow bow'd;
Him she has cherish'd with embraces white;
She has kiss'd the lips that seem to men so proud.

She cannot fear: she loves. She can but smile
That men should dread like some disastrous wand
His sceptre wielded o'er the people, while
She knows the sea-deep love that lies beyond.
She trusts her lord without one thought of guile,
Knowing her union holier and more fond.

GEORGE BARLOW (18—?).

O DREAMY, GLOOMY, FRIENDLY TREES!

O DREAMY, gloomy, friendly Trees,
  I came along your narrow track
To bring my gifts unto your knees
  And gifts did you give back;
For when I brought this heart that burns—
  These thoughts that bitterly repine—
And laid them here among the ferns
  And the hum of boughs divine,
Ye, vastest breathers of the air,
  Shook down with slow and mighty poise
Your coolness on the human care,
  Your wonder on its toys,
Your greenness on the heart's despair,
  Your darkness on its noise.

HERBERT TRENCH (1865-1923).

BRUMANA

OH shall I never never be home again!
Meadows of England shining in the rain
Spread wide your daisied lawns: your ramparts green
With briar fortify, with blossom screen
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,
For me your love and all your kingcups store,
And—dark militia of the southern shore,
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines
Of that long saga which you sang me, pines,
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines, you sang what life has found
The falsest of fair tales.
Earth blew a far-horn prelude all around,
That native music of her forest home,
While from the sea's blue fields and syren dales
Shadows and light noon spectres of the foam
Riding the summer gales
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

Hearing you sing, O trees,
Hearing you murmur, "There are older seas,
That beat on vaster sands,
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers
To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,"
Hearing you whisper, "Lands
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea;
Beneath me sleep in mist and light and calm
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule
In ancient days in endless dynasty;
And all around the snowy mountains swim
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill
Where stands a grove, O pines, of sister pines,
And when the downy twilight droops her wing
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines
My heart shall listen still.
For pines are gossip pines the wide world through
And full of runic tales to sigh or sing.
'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue.
'Tis ever sweet to lie
On the dry carpet of the needles brown,
And though the fanciful green lizard stir
And windy odours light as thistledown
Breathe from the lavdanon and lavender,
Half to forget the wandering and pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER
(1884-1915).

THE GREAT LOVER

I HAVE been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame;—we have beaconed the world's night.
A city:—and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor:—we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming

These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;

Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny
hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . .
Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramented covenant to the dust.

—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers
But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say, "He loved."

RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915).

THE DEAD

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

RUPERT BROOKE.

HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

GREEN gardens in Laventie!
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet;
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass.
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick
Two roofless ruins stand,
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall should have been
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,
The little path of gravel
Was overgrown with celandine,
No other folk did travel
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse
Running from house to house.

So all among the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass
In noisy continuity until their very rattle
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
A fresh pleasaunce to find;
And there some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant
Of the many sweets we found,
Was a little bush of daphne flower
Upon a grassy mound,
And so thick were the blossoms set and so divine the scent
That we were well content.

Hungry for spring, I bent my head;
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered towns
Away upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place!

E. Wyndham Tennant
(1897).

I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE

I SEE His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT
(1887-1915).

INTO BATTLE

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
  And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
  And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
  And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
  And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
  Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
  And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
  Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
  Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,
  Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
  They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
  They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
  And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
  As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
  If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
  Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
  Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
  O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
  And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
  Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
  Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
  That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
  And in the air Death moans and sings;
But they shall clasp him with strong hands,
  And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

JULIAN GRENFELL
(1888-1915).

THE COMFORTERS

WHEN I crept over the hill, broken with tears,
  When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
  I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height, my sorrow did speak,
  As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
  The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,
  When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,
  I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross, sorrow did speak,
  When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
  The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER
(*d.* 1918).

THE THREE TRAVELLERS

THREE travellers, we took the road
  On a winter's day and cold;
And two of us were frosty-haired,
  But one head bore the gold.

Along the fields, the winter fog
  Dropt fold on fold of doom;
But the white rime on every hedge
  Lit crystals in the gloom.

And that bright gold that went beside,—
  Unconsciously it spun
The threads that it took long ago
  From the splendour of the sun.

Upon the birdless bough, we set
  Our thoughts for choristers,
As down the winter's road we went,
  We three far travellers.

Anonymous.

DUCKS

I

FROM troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled
Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool,
Or finding curious things
To eat in various mucks
Beneath the pool,
Tails uppermost, or waddling
Sailor-like on the shores
Of ponds, or paddling
—Left! right!—with fanlike feet
Which are for steady oars
When they (white galleys) float
Each bird a boat
Rippling at will the sweet
Wide waterway . .
When night is fallen *you* creep
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies:
Fearful too much to sleep
Since they've no locks
To click against the teeth
Of weasel and fox.
And warm beneath
Are eggs of cloudy green
Whence hungry rats and lean
Would stealthily suck

New life, but for the mien,
The bold ferocious mien
Of the mother-duck.

II

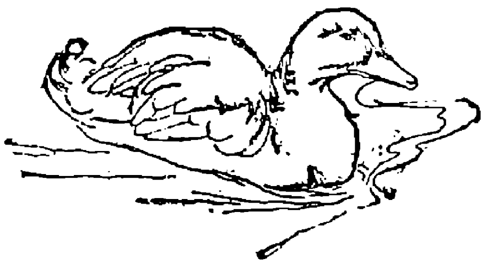
Yes, ducks are valiant things
On nests of twigs and straws,
And ducks are soothy things
And lovely on the lake
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.
And when beneath the pool
They dabble, and when they swim
And make their rippling rings,
O ducks are beautiful things!

But ducks are comical things:—
As comical as you.
Quack!
They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.
Triangular and clear
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer
Saying "Quack! quack!"

III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones:
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum,
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously.*
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns:
All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones!
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of its bill!

FREDERICK W. HARVEY.



IN THE WILDERNESS

Christ of His gentleness
Thirsting and hungering
Walked in the wilderness;
Soft words of grace He spoke
Unto lost desert-folk
That listened wondering.
He heard the bitterns call
From ruined palace-wall,
Answered them brotherly.
He held communion
With the she-pelican
Of lonely piety.
Basilisk, cockatrice,
Flocked to His homilies,
With mail of dread device,
With monstrous barbèd stings,
With eager dragon-eyes;
Great rats on leather wings
And poor blind broken things,
Foul in their miseries.
And ever with Him went,
Of all His wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat,
Gaunt ribs—poor innocent—
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless old scape-goat;
For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind Him kept,
Tears like a lover wept.

Robert Graves.

THE WATER-OUSEL

WHERE on the wrinkled stream the willows lean,
And fling a very ecstasy of green
Down the dim crystal, and the chestnut tree
Admires her large-leaved shadow, swift and free,
A water-ousel came, with such a flight
As archangels might envy. Soft and bright
Upon a water-kissing bough she lit,
And washed and preened her silver breast, though it
Was dazzling fair before. Then twittering
She sang, and made obeisance to the Spring.
And in the wavering amber at her feet
Her silent shadow, with obedience meet,
Made her quick, imitative curtsies, too.
Maybe she dreamed a nest, so safe and dear,
Where the keen spray leaps whitely to the weir;
And smooth, warm eggs that hold a mystery;
And stirrings of life and twitterings, that she
Is passionately glad of; and a breast
As silver-white as hers, which without rest
Or languor, borne by spread wings swift and strong,
Shall fly upon her service all day long.
She hears a presage in the ancient thunder
Of the silken fall, and her small soul in wonder
Makes preparation as she deems most right,
Repurifying what before was white
Against the day when, like a beautiful dream,
Two little ousels shall fly with her down stream,
And even the poor, dumb shadow-bird shall flit
With two small shadows following after it.

MARY WEBB.

LATE SPRING EVENING

I SAW the Virgin-mother clad in green,
Walking the sprinkled meadows at sundown;
While yet the moon's cold flame was hung between
The day and night, above the dusky town:
I saw her brighter than the Western gold,
Whereto she faced in splendour to behold.

Her dress was greener than the tenderest leaf
That trembled in the sunset glare aglow:
Herself more delicate than is the brief,
Pink apple-blossom, that May showers lay low,
And more delicious than's the earliest streak
The blushing rose shows of her crimson cheek.

As if to match the sight that so did please,
A music entered, making passion fain:
Three nightingales sat singing in the trees,
And praised the Goddess for the fallen rain;
Which yet their unseen motions did arouse,
Or parting zephyrs shook out from the boughs.

And o'er the treetops, scattered in mid air,
The exhausted clouds laden with crimson light
Floated, or seemed to sleep; and, highest there,
One planet broke the lingering ranks of night;
Daring day's company, so he might spy
The Virgin-queen once with his watchful eye.

And when I saw her, then I worshipped her,
And said,—O bounteous Spring, O beauteous Spring,
Mother of all my years, thou who dost stir

My heart to adore thee and my tongue to sing,
Flower of my fruit, of my heart's blood the fire,
Of all my satisfaction the desire!

How art thou every year more beautiful,
Younger for all the winters thou hast cast:
And I, for all my love grows, grow more dull,
Decaying with each season overpast!
In vain to teach him love must man employ thee,
The more he learns the less he can enjoy thee.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

SONG

MY eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddës grace:
No other care nor hope is mine,
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed
From all the stars above:
'Tis namèd when God's name is said,
'Tis Love, 'tis heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

DIAMOND DUST

My Lady walks on diamond dust,
All meaner causeway scorning,
On diamond dust, on diamond dust,
Upon a sunny morning;
On diamond dust because she must,
Since, all for her adorning,
Earth's crust becomes just diamond dust
Upon a sunny morning.

Ten thousand million gleaming eyes
Meet hers with merry twinkles,
And her quick feet with sparkles greet
And tiny rainbow-sprinkles.

And when she climbs the stile to cross
The shimmering, dew-drenched meadow,
Each blade of grass that sees her pass
To kiss her hem flings out a gem,
Which dies in her sweet shadow.

So jewels rare are everywhere
To welcome her sweet passing;
They are, I swear, beyond compare,
All earthly gems surpassing.
And so she walks on jewels fair,
All meaner causeway scorning,
On jewels rare beyond compare,
On every sunny morning.

JOHN OXENHAM.

MY WILL

I WOULD live, if I had my will,
In an old stone grange on a Yorkshire hill,
Ivy-encircled, lichen-streaked,
Low and mullioned, gable-peaked,
With a velvet lawn, and a hedge of yew,
An apple orchard to saunter through,
Hyacinth-scented in spring's clear prime,
And rich with roses in summer-time,
And a waft of heather over the hill,
Had I my will.

Over the tree-tops, grave and brown,
Slants the back of a breezy down;
Through my fields, by the covert edge,
A swift stream splashes from ledge to ledge,
On to the hamlet, scattered, grey,
Where folk live leisurely day by day;
The same old faces about my walks;
Smiling welcomes and simple talks;
Innocent stories of Jack and Jill;
Had I my will.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

A SONG OF ENGLAND

THERE is a song of England that none shall ever sing;
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
And radiant as the fountains

Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every wave
   can fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of
   England,
      Could more than seem to dream of it,
      Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease to sing.

There is a song of England that only lovers know;
      So rare it is and fair it is,
Oh, like a fairy rose it is upon a drift of snow,
      So cold and sweet and sunny,
      So full of hidden honey,
So like a flight of butterflies where rose and lily blow
Along the lanes of England, the leafy lanes of
   England;
      When flowers are at their vespers
      And full of little whispers,
The boys and girls of England shall sing it as
   they go.

There is a song of England that only love may sing,
      So sure it is and pure it is;
And seaward with the seamew it spreads a whiter
   wing,
      And with the skylark hovers
      Above the tryst of lovers,
Above the kiss and whisper that led the lovely Spring
Through all the glades of England, the ferny glades
   of England,
      Until the way enwound her
      With sprays of May, and crowned her
With stars of frosty blossom in a merry morris-ring.

There is a song of England that haunts her hours
of rest;
The calm of it and balm of it
Are breathed from every hedgerow that blushes to
the West:
From cottage doors that nightly
Cast their welcome out so brightly
On the lanes where laughing children are lifted
and caressed
By the tenderest hands in England, hard and
blistered hands of England;
And from the restful sighing
Of the sleepers that are lying
With the arms of God around them on the night's
contented breast.

There is a song of England that wanders in the
wind;
So sad it is and glad it is
That men who hear it madden and their eyes are
wet and blind,
For the lowlands and the highlands
Of the unforgotten islands,
For the Islands of the Blessèd, and the rest they
cannot find
As they grope in dreams to England and the love
they left in England;
Little feet that danced to meet them,
And the lips that used to greet them,
And the watcher at the window in the home they
left behind.

There is a song of England that stirs the beating
blood
With burning cries and yearning

Tides of hidden aspiration hardly known or understood;
Aspirations of the creature
Tow'rds the unity of Nature;
Sudden chivalries revealing whence the longing is renewed
In the men that live for England, live and love and die for England:
By the light of their desire
They shall blindly blunder higher
To a wider, grander Kingdom and a deeper, nobler Good.

There is a song of England that only God can hear;
So gloriously victorious,
It soars above the choral stars that sing the Golden Year;
Till even the cloudy shadows
That wander o'er her meadows
In silent purple harmonies declare His glory there,
Along the hills of England, the billowy hills of England,
While heaven rolls and ranges
Through all the myriad changes
That mirror God in music to the mortal eye and ear.

There is a song of England that none shall ever sing,
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
And radiant as the fountains
Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every wave can fling

Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of England,
Could more than seem to dream of it,
Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease to sing.

ALFRED NOYES.

THE BURNING BOUGHS

HE pipes to himself alone,
The child of Pan, where the woods are mellowing now;
For his echo, the thrush, is flown;
And the clouds of the sunset burn on the maple-bough.
See, stained with a golden tan,
Like the smooth-skinned sun-kissed pear,
The young god shines thro' the shadows, O, little god Pan,
What song are you piping there?

The wild grape purples the glen,
But the lovers that followed the lilt of his pipes are fled.
Are they lost in the cities of men?
Does he call through the soft blue tendrils now to the dead?
Does he summon the Oread throng?
Or, leashed and lashed with the vine,
Do the panthers of Bacchus approach to the pulse of his song;
And the white feet, splashed with wine?

"I sing of immortal joy,"—
The warbling pipes of the young god cried like a bird,—
"The laughter of girl and boy,
And all the kisses and whispers that once I heard;
For the oak may darken and turn
To a smouldering crimson pyre;
And the golden birch in her own bright tresses may burn;
But I sing of the world's desire.

Though the wild grape shrivel and fall,
Under boughs that are flaring like funeral torches here,
My joy shall outlive them all,
As the bare bright seed that endures till the youth of the year.
As I sang when the world began,
I shall sing when the world grows old;
For I am the fruit and the berry, the little god Pan,
The green leaf under the gold.

I am the lamp in the tomb;
The little gold acorn alive in the drifts of decay;
The heart in the crumbling bloom;
The hope that abides when the petals are winnowed away.
The roses of life, at a breath,
Break; and your memories wane;
But I am the magic insurgent! Through darkness and death,
I shall lead you to April again."

The sumach burns in the brake.
The hills are a furnace of colour and mellowing light,
Where junipers flame and flake,
And the blueberry dreams like a faint blue smoke on the height.

The pine-cones fall below
  On the sweet red-needled earth;
But wilder and sweeter the pipes of the child-god blow
  In a song of the world's rebirth.

  "When the Phœnix fires her nest
I sing as the rose-red feathers consume and change,
  And the rainbow plumes of her breast
Kindle with beauty and shine, transfigured, and strange;
For the world and your heart's desire,
  And the spice of a thousand springs
Awake with the bird reborn from the heart of the fire,
  And mount on her radiant wings!"

  It is all October now;
But he sings of a mellower harvest than any of ours.
  He laughs at the burning bough,
And pipes till the perishing leaves grow brighter than flowers.
While the pomp of the world goes by,
  As age upon age it has gone,
Though the sun-swarms perish like leaves on the boughs of the sky
  The youth of the world sings on.

ALFRED NOYES.

A FOREST SONG

WHO would be a king
That can sit in the sun and sing?
Nay. I have a kingdom of my own.
A fallen oak-tree is my throne.
    Then, pluck the strings and tell me true
    If Cæsar in his glory knew
    The worlds he lost in sun and dew.

Who would be a queen
That sees what my love hath seen?—
The blood of myriads vainly shed
To make one royal ruby red!
Then, tell me, music, why the great
For quarrelling trumpets abdicate
This quick, this absolute estate.

Nay. Who would sing in heaven
Among the choral Seven,
That hears, as Love and I have heard,
The whole sky listening to one bird?
And where's the ruby, tell me where,
Whose crimsons for one breath compare
With this wild rose which all may share?

ALFRED NOYES.

THE HAPPY TREE

THERE was a bright and happy tree;
The wind with music laced its boughs:
Thither across the houseless sea
Came singing birds to house.

Men grudged the tree its happy eves,
Its happy dawns of eager sound;
So all that crown and tower of leaves
They levelled with the ground.

They made an upright of the stem,
A cross-piece of a bough they made:
No shadow of their deed on them
The fallen branches laid.

But blithely, since the year was young,
  When they a fitting hill did find,
There on the happy tree they hung
  The Saviour of mankind.

GERALD GOULD.

FALLEN CITIES

I GATHERED with a careless hand,
  There where the waters night and day
  Are languid in the idle bay,
A little heap of golden sand;
  And, as I saw it, in my sight
  Awoke a vision brief and bright,
A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair
  Turrets and domes and citadels,
  With murmuring of many bells;
The spires were white in the blue air,
  And men by thousands went and came,
  Rapid and restless, and like flame
Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away
  The little mound before I knew;
  The visioned city vanished too,
And fall'n beneath my fingers lay.
  Ah God! how many hast Thou seen,
  Cities that are not and have been,
By silent hill and idle bay!

GERALD GOULD.

LINES

(*Sent with a copy of " Robin " Herrick's Poems*)

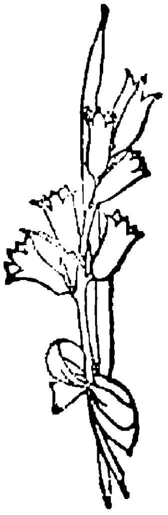
FRESH with all airs of woodland brooks
And scents of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
And heaven is blue,
Before his shrine our prayers we say—
Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff—
Thorns of sweet-brier;
His benediction is a laugh,
Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red
Unction distils;
He hath a nimbus round his head
Of daffodils.

EDMUND GOSSE.



LYING IN THE GRASS

BETWEEN two russet tufts of summer grass,
I watch the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even-song of love is but half-said:

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes;
Her cheeks are redder than the wild blush-rose;
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass and vanish, I am there;
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I long to go and play among them there,
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashion'd in old days,
And coloured like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portray'd
Through ancient forests wandering undismay'd,
Or gathered, whispering, in some pleasant glade.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

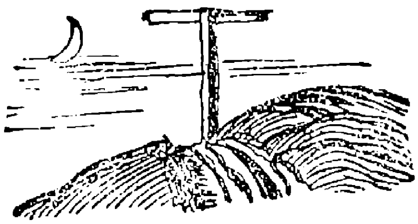
My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is dying; in the silver-blue
The young moon shines from her bright window
    through:
The mowers all are gone, and I go too.

EDMUND GOSSE.



THE LITTLE DANCERS

LONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern window: there, to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately: face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

LAURENCE BINYON.

ODE IN MAY

LET me go forth, and share
The overflowing Sun
With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,
Where the pewit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride?

The Song of Mingling flows,
  Grave, ceremonial, pure,
  As once, from lips that endure,
The cosmic descant rose,
When the temporal lord of life,
  Going his golden way,
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife
  That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,
  Came wooing the mother of men,
  Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
  But the strong god sued and press'd;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
  Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
  And the travail of her that bore,
  Behold they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.
We are children of splendour and flame,
  Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
  And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord!
  We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
  And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,
Whence first was the seed outpour'd.
To thee as our Father we bow,
  Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
  Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech;
  Thou art but as a wave of his hand;
  Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
  Or a moment's mood of his soul:
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
  That chant the chant of the Whole.

WILLIAM WATSON.

SHEEP AND LAMBS

ALL in the April morning,
  April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
  Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
  Pass'd me by on the road;
All in an April evening
  I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
  With a weak human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God
  Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
  Dewy pastures are sweet:
Rest for the little bodies,
  Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
  Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame
  Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
  April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
  And thought on the Lamb of God.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

UNDER A WILTSHIRE APPLE TREE

SOME folks as can afford,
So I've heard say,
Set up a sort of cross
Right in the garden way
To mind 'em of the Lord.
But I, when I do see
Thik apple tree
An' stoopin' limb
All spread wi' moss,
I think of Him
And how He talks wi' me.

I think of God
And how He trod
That garden long ago;
He walked, I reckon, to and fro
And then sat down
Upon the groun'
Or some low limb
What suited Him,
Same as you see
On many a tree,
And on thik very one
Where I at set o' sun
Do sit and talk wi' He.

And, mornings, too, I rise and come
An' sit down where the branch be low;
A bird do sing, a bee do hum,
The flowers in the border blow,
And all my heart's so glad and clear
As pools be when the sun do peer,
As pools a-laughing in the light
When mornin' air is swep' an' bright,
As pools what got all Heaven in sight,
So's my heart's cheer
When He be near.

He never pushed the garden door,
He left no footmark on the floor;
I never heard 'Un stir nor tread
And yet His Hand do bless my head,
And when 'tis time for work to start
I takes Him with me in my heart.
And when I die, pray God I see
At very last thik apple tree
And stoopin' limb,
And think of Him
And all He been to me.

ANNA BUNSTON DE BARY.

"IN DIVERS MANNERS"

LORD, when they tell me Thou hast made
  The round-eyed, pert and plumped-up wren,
The rabbit scuttling through the glade,
  Pug-dogs, like pompous little men,
And those quaint forms that breathe the sea,
I could run laughing to Thy knee.

And when I hear the solemn chime
  Of waves that beat for evermore
Like very pendulums of Time
  Upon the dumb and patient shore,
And think of space with stars for sands,
I kneel to kiss Thine awful Hands.

But when in crowded streets or marts
  I see the surging floods of men,
The restless waves of human hearts,
  What fearful tremors take me then,
So suddenly aware of Thee,
Still walking o'er that troubled sea!

ANNA BUNSTON DE BARY.

BÊTE HUMAINE

RIDING through Ruwu swamp, about sunrise,
I saw the world awake; and as the ray
Touched the tall grasses where they sleeping lay,
Lo, the bright air alive with dragonflies:
With brittle wings aquiver, and great eyes
Piloting crimson bodies, slender and gay.
I aimed at one, and struck it, and it lay
Broken and lifeless, with fast fading dyes.
Then my soul sickened with a sudden pain
And horror, at my own careless cruelty,
That in an idle moment I had slain
A creature whose sweet life it is to fly:
Like beasts that prey with tooth and claw.
        Nay, they
Must slay to live, but what excuse had I?

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

WHERE DO THE GIPSIES COME FROM?

WHERE do the gipsies come from?
The gipsies come from Egypt.
The fiery Sun begot them,
  Their dam was the desert dry.
She lay there stripped and basking,
She gave them suck for the asking,
And an Emperor's bone to play with,
  Whenever she heard them cry.

What did the gipsies do there?
They built a tomb for Pharaoh,
They built a tomb for Pharaoh,
  So tall it touched the sky.
They buried him deep inside it,
Then let what would betide it,
They saddled their lean-ribbed ponies
  And left him there to die.

What do the gipsies do now?
They follow the Sun, their father,
They follow the Sun, their father,
  They know not whither nor why.
Whatever they find they take it,
And if it's a law they break it,
So never you talk to a gipsy,
  Or look in a gipsy's eye.

HENRY H. BASHFORD.

THE DEAD KNIGHT

THE cleanly rush of the mountain air,
And the mumbling, grumbling humble bees,
Are the only things that wander there,
The pitiful bones are laid at ease,
The grass has grown in his tangled hair,
And a rambling bramble binds his knees.

To shrieve his soul from the pangs of hell,
The only requiem-bells that rang
Were the hare-bell and the heather-bell:
Hushed he is with the holy spell
In the gentle hymn the wind sang,
And he lies quiet, and sleeps well.

He is bleached and blanched with the summer sun;
The misty rain and the cold dew
Have altered him from the kingly one
(That his lady loved, and his men knew)
And dwindled him to a skeleton.

The vetches have twined about his bones,
The straggling ivy twists and creeps
In his eye-sockets; the nettle keeps
Vigil about him while he sleeps.
Over his body the wind moans
With a dreary tune throughout the day,
In a chorus wistful, eerie, thin
As the gull's cry—as the cry in the bay,
The mournful word the seas say
When the tides are wandering out or in.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

FRAGMENTS

Troy Town is covered up with weeds,
  The rabbits and the pismires brood
On broken gold, and shards, and beads
  Where Priam's ancient palace stood.

The floors of many a gallant house
  Are matted with the roots of grass;
The glow-worm and the nimble mouse
  Among her ruins flit and pass.

And there, in orts of blackened bone,
  The widowed Trojan beauties lie,
And Simois babbles over stone
  And waps and gurgles to the sky.

Once there were merry days in Troy,
  Her chimneys smoked with cooking meals,
The passing chariots did annoy
  The sunning housewives at their wheels.

And many a lovely Trojan maid
  Set Trojan lads to lovely things;
The game of life was nobly played,
  They played the game like Queens and Kings.

So that, when Troy had greatly passed
  In one red roaring fiery coal,
The courts the Grecians overcast
  Became a city in the soul.

In some green island of the sea,
  Where now the shadowy coral grows
In pride and pomp and empery
  The courts of old Atlantis rose.

In many a glittering house of glass
   The Atlanteans wandered there;
The paleness of their faces was
   Like ivory, so pale they were.

And hushed they were, no noise of words
   In those bright cities ever rang;
Only their thoughts, like golden birds,
   About their chambers thrilled and sang.

They knew all wisdom, for they knew
   The souls of those Egyptian Kings
Who learned, in ancient Babilu,
   The beauty of immortal things.

They knew all beauty—when they thought
   The air chimed like a stricken lyre,
The elemental birds were wrought,
   The golden birds became a fire.

And straight to busy camps and marts
   The singing flames were swiftly gone;
The trembling leaves of human hearts
   Hid boughs for them to perch upon.

And men in desert places, men
   Abandoned, broken, sick with fears,
Rose singing, swung their swords agen,
   And laughed and died among the spears.

The green and greedy seas have drowned
   That city's glittering walls and towers,
Her sunken minarets are crowned
   With red and russet water-flowers.

In towers and rooms and golden courts
  The shadowy coral lifts her sprays;
The scrawl hath gorged her broken orts,
  The shark doth haunt her hidden ways.

But, at the falling of the tide,
  The golden birds still sing and gleam,
The Atlanteans have not died,
  Immortal things still give us dream.

The dream that fires man's heart to make,
  To build, to do, to sing or say
A beauty Death can never take,
  An Adam from the crumpled clay

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

LOUD mockers in the roaring street
  Say Christ is crucified again:
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
  Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
  From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
  In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear:
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimæus still go blind;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touch'd by suffering human kind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say:
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE SHIP

THERE was no song nor shout of joy
Nor beam of moon or sun,
When she came back from the voyage
Long ago begun;
But twilight on the waters
Was quiet and grey,
And she glided steady, steady and pensive,
Over the open bay.

Her sails were brown and ragged,
  And her crew hollow-eyed,
But their silent lips spoke content
  And their shoulders pride;
Though she had no captives on her deck,
  And in her hold
There were no heaps of corn or timber
  Or silks or gold.

JOHN C. SQUIRE.

REAL PROPERTY

Tell me about that harvest field.
—Oh! Fifty acres of living bread.
The colour has painted itself in my heart.
The form is patterned in my head.

So now I take it everywhere;
See it whenever I look round;
Hear it growing through every sound,
Know exactly the sound it makes—
Remembering, as one must all day,
Under the pavement the live earth aches.

Trees are at the farther end,
Limes all full of the drowsy bee:
So there must be a harvest field
Whenever one thinks of a linden-tree.

A hedge is round it, very tall,
Hazy and cool and breathing sweet.
Round paradise is such a wall,
And all the day, in such a way,
In paradise the wild birds call.

You only need to close your eyes
And pass into your secret mind,
And you'll be into paradise:
I've learnt quite easily to find
Some linden-trees and drowsy bees,
A tall sweet hedge with the corn behind.

I will not have that harvest mown:
I'll keep the corn and leave the bread.
I've bought that field; it's now my own;
I've fifty acres in my head.
I take it as a dream to bed.
I carry it about all day.

Sometimes when I have found a friend
I give a blade of corn away.

HAROLD MONRO.

JANUARY DUSK

AUSTERE and clad in sombre robes of grey,
  With hands upfolded and with silent wings,
In unimpassioned mystery the day
  Passes; a lonely thrush its requiem sings.

The dust of night is tangled in the boughs
  Of leafless lime and lilac, and the pine
Grows blacker, and the star upon the brows
  Of sleep is set in heaven for a sign.

Earth's little weary peoples fall on peace,
  And dream of breaking buds and blossoming,
Of primrose airs, of days of large increase,
  And all the coloured retinue of spring.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

DOMINION

I WENT beneath the sunny sky
  When all things bowed to June's desire,
The pansy with its steadfast eye,
  The blue shells on the lupin spire.

The swelling fruit along the boughs,
  The grass grown heady in the rain,
Dark roses fitted for the brows
  Of queens great kings have sung in vain;

My little cat with tiger bars,
  Bright claws all hidden in content;
Swift birds that flashed like darkling stars
  Across the cloudy continent;

The wiry-coated fellow curled
  Stump-tailed upon the sunny flags;
The bees that sacked a coloured world
  Of treasure for their honey-bags.

And all these things seemed very glad,
  The sun, the flowers, the birds on wing,
The jolly beasts, the furry-clad
  Fat bees, the fruit, and everything.

But gladder than them all was I,
  Who, being man, might gather up
The joy of all beneath the sky,
  And add their treasures to my cup,

And travel every shining way,
  And laugh with God in God's delight,
Create a world for every day,
  And store a dream for every night.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

LAMENT

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

FRIENDS BEYOND

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock churchyard now!

"Gone," I call them, gone for good, that group of local hearts and heads;
Yet at mothy curfew-tide,
And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it back from walls and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight who yet abide—
In the muted, measured note
Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's stillicide:

"We have triumphed: this achievement turns the
bane to antidote,
Unsuccesses to success,
Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a morrow
free of thought.

"No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old
terrestrial stress;
Chill detraction stirs no sigh;
Fear of death has even bygone us: death gave all
that we possess."

W. D. "Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that I set
such value by."
Squire. "You may hold the manse in fee,
You may wed my spouse, may let my children's memory of me die."

Lady "You may have my rich brocades, my laces;
take each household key;
Ransack coffer, desk, bureau;
Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con
the letters kept by me."

Far. "Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let
the charlock grow,
Foul the grinterns, give up thrift."
Wife. If ye break my best blue china, children,
I shan't care or ho."

All. "We've no wish to hear the tidings how the
people's fortunes shift;
What your daily doings are;
Who are wedded, born, divided; if your lives
beat slow or swift.

"Curious not the least are we if our intents
you make or mar,
If you quire to our old tune,
If the City stage still passes, if the weirs
still roar afar."

Thus, with very gods' composure, freed those crosses
late and soon
Which, in life, the Trine allow
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps
beneath the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow
late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly
to me now.

THOMAS HARDY.

ECSTASY

I SAW a frieze on whitest marble drawn
Of boys who sought for shells along the shore,
Their white feet shedding pallor in the sea,
The shallow sea, the spring-time sea of green
That faintly creamed against the cold, smooth
pebbles.

The air was thin, their limbs were delicate,
The wind had graven their small eager hands
To feel the forests and the dark nights of Asia
Behind the purple bloom of the horizon,
Where sails would float and slowly melt away.

Their naked, pure, and grave unbroken silence
Filled the soft air as gleaming, limpid water
Fills a spring sky those days when rain is lying
In shattered bright pools on the wind-dried roads,
And their sweet bodies were wind-purified.

One held a shell unto his shell-like ear
And there was music carven in his face,
His eyes half-closed, his lips just breaking open
To catch the lulling, mazy, coralline roar
Of numberless caverns filled with singing seas.

And all of them were hearkening as to singing
Of far-off voices thin and delicate,
Voices too fine for any mortal wind
To blow into the whorls of mortal ears—
And yet those sounds flowed from their grave,
sweet faces.

And as I looked I heard that delicate music,
And I became as grave, as calm, as still
As those carved boys. I stood upon that shore,
I felt the cool sea dream around my feet,
My eyes were staring at the far horizon:

And the wind came and purified my limbs,
And the stars came and set within my eyes,
And snowy clouds rested upon my shoulders,
And the blue sky shimmered deep within me,
And I sang like a carven pipe of music.

WALTER J. TURNER.

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

SWEET Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent:
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes.
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough;
I love thee for a heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS

I WENT out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

WILLIAM B. YEATS.

ÆDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

William B. Yeats.

THE SCRIBE

What lovely things
Thy hand hath made:
The smooth-plumed bird
In its emerald shade,
The seed of the grass,
The speck of stone
Which the wayfaring ant
Stirs—and hastes on.

Though I should sit
By some tarn in Thy hills,
Using its ink
As the spirit wills
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live, willed things,
Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh;

Leviathan told,
And the honey-fly:
And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

ALL THAT'S PAST

VERY old are the woods;
And the buds that break
Out of the brier's boughs,
When March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are—
Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks;
And the rills that rise
Where snow sleeps cold beneath
The azure skies
Sing such a history
Of come and gone,
Their every drop is as wise
As Solomon.

Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales;

We wake and whisper awhile,
But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A DESERTED HOME

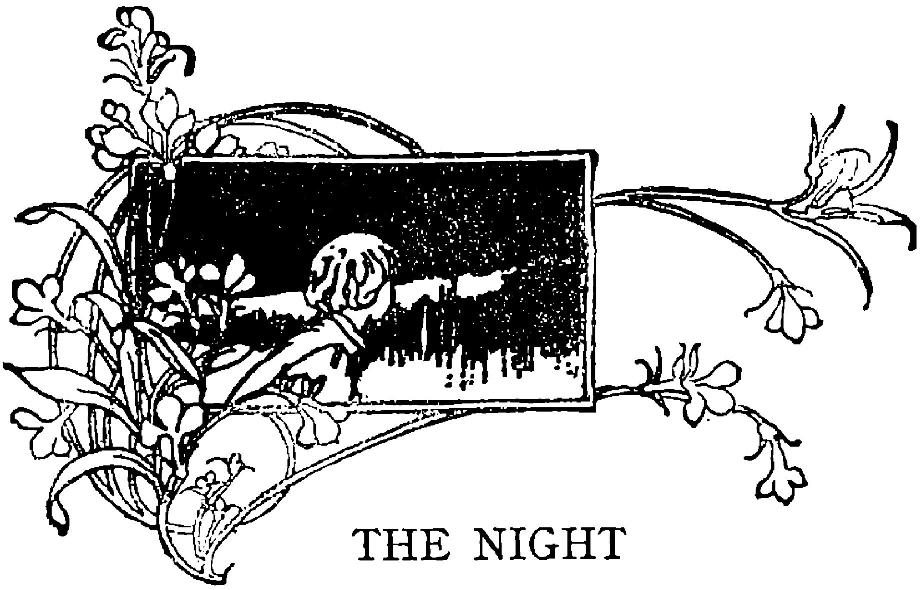
HERE where the fields lie lonely and untended,
Once stood the old house grey among the trees,
Once to the hills rolled the waves of the cornland—
Long waves and golden, softer than the sea's.

Long, long ago has the ploughshare rusted,
Long has the barn stood roofless and forlorn;
But oh! far away are some who still remember
The songs of the young girls binding up the corn.

Here where the windows shone across the darkness,
Here where the stars once watched above the fold,
Still watch the stars, but the sheepfold is empty;
Falls now the rain where the hearth glowed of old.

Here where the leagues of melancholy lough-sedge
Moan in the wind round the grey forsaken shore,
Once waved the corn in the mid-month of autumn,
Once sped the dance when the corn was on the floor.

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT.



THE NIGHT

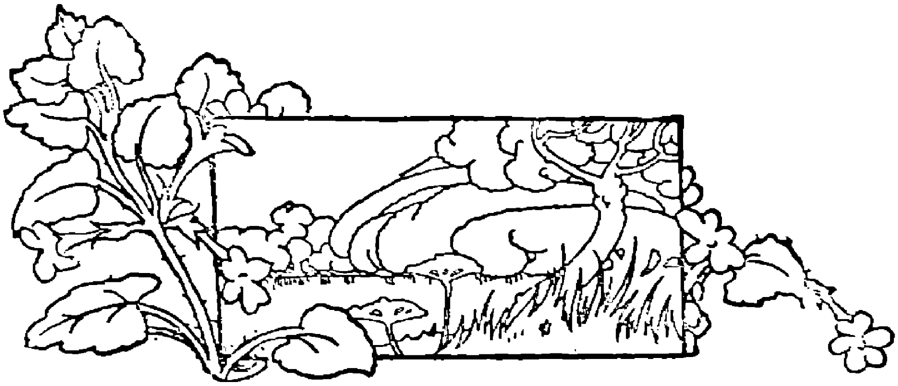
Most Holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the fair lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd Moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,
And cheat me with thy false delight,
Most Holy Night.

Hilaire Belloc.



HE IS THE LONELY GREATNESS

He is the lonely greatness of the world—
(His eyes are dim),
His power it is holds up the Cross
That holds up Him.

He takes the sorrow of the threefold hour—
(His eyelids close),
Round Him and round, the wind—His Spirit—where
It listeth blows.

And so the wounded greatness of the World
In silence lies—
And death is shattered by the light from out
Those darkened eyes.

MADELEINE CARON ROCK.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

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ARNOLD, MATTHEW. 1822–88. Son of famous schoolmaster, Arnold of Rugby. Leaving Oxford became Inspector of Schools, then Professor of Poetry, Oxford. Travelled and studied continental education. Wrote several volumes prose criticism. Best-known poems: *Rugby Chapel*, *Scholar-Gipsy*, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Balder Dead*. Intense admiration for father. In finest poems undertone of fatalism.

ASHE, THOMAS. 1836–89. Born Stockport. Minor poet. Clergyman, mathematical master. Student of Coleridge.

BARLOW, GEORGE. Born 1847, London. Educated Exeter College, Oxford. Works: *The Lost Mother*, *Life's Love*, *Under the Dawn*, *Epic of Man*. Poems show deep religious feeling and poetic power.

BARNES, WILLIAM. 1801–86. Born Rushay, Dorset. Worked in solicitor's office; afterwards as schoolmaster; rector of Winterborne Came. Foremost English dialect poet, a pastoral lyrist of power. Simple and sincere; rare insight into common joys and sorrows. *Hwomely Rhymes*, *Poems of Rural Life*, well known.

BASHFORD, HENRY H. Born 1880. Doctor of Medicine, M.R.C.S. Works: *Corner of Harley Street*, *Songs out of School*, *Half-past Bedtime*.

BELLOC, HILAIRE. Born 1870. Son of French father, English mother. Educated Balliol, Oxford. Liberal M.P. 1906–10. Works: *Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, *More Beasts for Worse Children*, *Verses and Sonnets*, and volumes of essays.

BENSON, ARTHUR C. 1862–1925. One of three distinguished sons of a famous Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward White Benson. Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Works: *House of Quiet*; *Escape, and other Essays*; *Poems and Lyrics*. Wrote "Land of Hope and Glory." Popularity won by essays; restful English philosophy.

BEST, CHARLES. 1602. Poem preserved in Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, one of the Miscellanies characteristic of Elizabethan

age. Other collections were *Paradyse of Daynty Devises, A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, Passionate Pilgrim.*

BINYON, LAURENCE. Born 1869, Lancaster. Son of clergyman. Educated Trinity, Oxford. Deputy Keeper, British Museum, in charge of Oriental Prints and Drawings. Works: *Lyric Poems, Porphyrion, Auguries.* Books on Botticelli and Blake. Dramatist.

BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE. 1825–1900. Born Longworth, Berks. After Oxford studied law and became conveyancer. Earliest literary efforts verse, but prose was his *forte. Lorna Doone* most famous novel, but he preferred *The Maid of Sker.*

BLAKE, WILLIAM. 1757–1827. London tradesman's son. Engraver, printer, bookbinder. Best known for *Songs of Innocence.* Poems quaint and simple in style, yet many difficult to understand: prose work particularly so. Held abnormal views about spiritual world; these reflected in his books. Nature-lover; link between Elizabethans and Wordsworth.

BRIDGES, ROBERT SEYMOUR. Born 1844. Studied medicine after Oxford. Poet Laureate 1913. Poems and plays. Catches lightness of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century cadences. *The Growth of Love* (sonnet group) and *Shorter Poems* best works. Beauty of language.

BRONTË, EMILY. 1819–48. Born Thornton, lived at father's parsonage. Monotonous life; governess; gift for music; extreme reserve. Died consumption. Poems show force and vigour. *Wuthering Heights* imperishable novel. Sister to Charlotte.

BROOKE, RUPERT. 1887–1915. Born Rugby. After Cambridge travelled extensively. Joined Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Served at Antwerp. Died on way to Dardanelles. Buried Scyros in Levant. Gave certain promise of being great poet.

BROWN, THOMAS EDWARD. 1830–97. Born Douglas, I.O.M. Son of incumbent. After Oxford, Master at Clifton College thirty years. Lyrics admirable though rugged. Finest works: *Manx Witch, Old John, Betsy Lee.*

BROWNE, WILLIAM. 1591–1643? Born Tavistock. One of the brilliant youths who termed themselves "Sons of Ben Jonson," and friend of Drayton and Chapman. Influenced by Spenser and Sidney, his work is glowing in description, but sometimes marred by Protestant bigotry. Works: *Britannia's Pastorals, Shepherd's Pipe.*

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT. 1806–61. Born Durham. Married Robert Browning, and lived in Italy. Invalid, lung affection. Early work, translation of *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus; later, *Aurora Leigh, Sonnets from the Portuguese.* Essentially lyric poet.

BROWNING, ROBERT. 1812–89. Married Elizabeth Barrett, poetess. Lived at Florence till her death, 1861. Philosophical poet. Writings often difficult and obscure, but virile and optimistic. Longer poems: *Ring and the Book, Asolando.* Shorter works: *Pied Piper, Rabbi Ben Ezra, Prospice, Lost Leader.* Buried Westminster Abbey.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. 1794–1878. Born Cummington, Mass. Son of doctor. Studied law. Editor *New York Review.* Chief poem: *Thanatopsis.* Lyrics show tenderness, love of liberty. Powerful descriptions scenery.

BURNS, ROBERT. 1759–96. Born Ayr. Son of Scottish gardener, farm-boy. Finally excise-officer at less than £70 per annum. Life struggle with poverty which roused sense of injustice. Natural lyrist. Chief works: *Tam o' Shanter, Cotter's Saturday Night,* and immortal lyrics.

BYRON, LORD: GEORGE NOEL GORDON. 1788–1824. Educated Harrow and Cambridge. Lived in voluntary exile Switzerland and Italy. In 1824 sailed to fight in Greek War of Independence. Died of fever, Mesolonghi. Writings show author gloomy, scornful, satirical. Chief works: *Don Juan, Vision of Judgment, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* Wrote also dramas, Oriental romances, numerous narrative poems and lyrics.

CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART. 1831–84. Born Martley, Worcester. Son of minister. Educated Harrow and Balliol, Oxford. Called Bar, accident ends brilliant career. Prince of Parodists. Works: *Verses and Translations, Fly-Leaves, Theocritus.*

CAREW, THOMAS. 1595?–1639? Sewer-in-Ordinary to Charles I. Royalist lyrist, only surpassed by Herrick. Set fashion for courtly amorous verse. Longest poem, *The Rapture,* has but two hundred lines.

CAREY, HENRY. 1687?–1743. Writer of many songs, witty poems, burlesques; musical composer. Died by suicide. Best-known poem, *Sally in our Alley* (music also).

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY. 1340?–1400. Son of London vintner. Protégé of John of Gaunt. Commissioner in Italy for Edward III. Influenced by Petrarch, Boccaccio and Dante. Creative genius. Best work, 1381–89: *Parlement of Foules, Hous of Fame,* most of *Canterbury Tales.* Died in poverty.

CLARE, JOHN. 1793–1864. Born Helpstone, Peterborough. Son of a pauper. Self-educated ploughboy; never prosperous; died lunatic-asylum. Faithful painter English country-life. Wrote *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, Village Minstrel.*

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR. 1772–1834. Born Ottery St.

Mary, Devon. Educated Christ's Hospital, afterwards Cambridge as sizar, but left without degree. Literary partnership with Wordsworth in *Lyrical Ballads,* to which he contributed *The Ancient Mariner.* Friend of Lamb and De Quincey. Works: *Christabel, Kubla Khan, Biographia Literaria.* Master of metre and magical use of words.

COWPER, WILLIAM. 1731–1800. Son of clergyman. Depressing life; sensitive nature; motherless at six. Articled to attorney. Parliamentary post offered, but madness intervened. Fits of delusion intermittent. Works show truth and simplicity. *The Task, Table Talk, John Gilpin, To Mary, On Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

CROWNE, JOHN. 1640–1703? Came from Nova Scotia to England. Patronised by Rochester. Playwright. Died in obscurity. His tragedy, *Thyestes,* contains powerful passages. Also wrote comedy, *Sir Courtly Nice.*

DARLEY, GEORGE. 1795–1846. Born Dublin. Educated Trinity College. Poet, mathematician, critic. On staff of *Athenæum.* Victim of melancholia. Best story: *Lilian of the Vale.* Dramas: *Thomas à Becket, Ethelstan.*

DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM. 1606–68. Son of Oxford vintner. Poet and playwright. Laureate after Jonson. Knighted by Charles I. Revived stage during Commonwealth. Epic poem, *Gondibert,* most interesting work.

DAVIDSON, JOHN. 1857–1909. Born Renfrewshire. Contemporary with Henley. Journalist, writer of plays. *Ballads and Songs* most popular book. Poet of science and religion.

DAVIES, WILLIAM H. Born 1870, Monmouthshire. Became American tramp for six years. Worked passage many times to England. Hawker, street-singer. Became poet at thirty-four. Poetry springs from experience. Simple style. Works: *Farewell to Poesy, Songs of Joy.*

DE BARY, ANNA BUNSTON. Occasional contributor to *Spectator, Country-Life.* Publications: *Mingled Wine, Porch of Paradise, By Olive and Fir, Letters of a School Ma'am.*

DE LA MARE, WALTER JOHN. Born 1873, Charlton, Kent. Educated St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. Huguenot descent. Friend of Rupert Brooke. Works: *Songs of Childhood, Peacock Pie, The Listeners,* and miscellaneous prose, including his prize novel, *The Return.*

DIXON, RICHARD WATSON. 1833–1900. At Oxford with Burne-Jones and William Morris. Took Orders. Master, Carlisle High

School; Minor Canon, Cathedral. Best-known work: *History, Church of England from Abolition of Roman Jurisdiction.*

DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN. 1840–1921. Born Plymouth. Finished education Strassburg. Principal, Board of Trade. Published volumes of poems, but most important work was biography. Accurate, sympathetic, excellent critic. *Lives of Hogarth, Goldsmith,* etc.

DONNE, JOHN. 1573–1631. Courtier and wit; became one of our greatest preachers. Died Dean of St. Paul's. His fancy vivid, his wit caustic; poems obscure because of terseness. Influenced by Spanish literature.

DRINKWATER, JOHN. Born 1882. Varied experiments in business and literature. Has written volumes of poems, plays in verse, prose critical works, healthy open-air verse. Chief plays: *Cromwell, Abraham Lincoln, Mary Stuart.*

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM. 1585–1649. Born Manor-House of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. A wealthy man, devoted himself to letters, both as poet and pamphleteer. He describes his poems as *Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall.* The second class are his best work. Prose work: *The Cypresse Grove.*

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. 1803–82. Born Boston, Mass. Son of clergyman. Studied for ministry, but resigned pastorship of important church. Lecturer. America's most influential writer. Fame rests on essays and discourses.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD. 1809–83. Born Suffolk. At Trinity College, Cambridge, with Tennyson and Thackeray. Genius as translator (Æschylus, Calderon); famous for very free version of Persian quatrains, *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY. 1884–1915. Born London. Son of Rev. Dr. Flecker. Educated Trinity College, Oxford. Studied Oriental languages at Caius, Cambridge. Went to Constantinople. Died Switzerland, tuberculosis. Influenced by Keats; bright verse.

FLETCHER, JOHN. 1579–1625. Born at Rye. Son of Dean of Peterborough. Literary partnership with Beaumont which produced series of dramas, Fletcher supplying the gayer and more idyllic parts. Died of the plague. Works: *Knight of the Burning Pestle, The Scornful Lady, Spanish Comedy.* Lyrics especially beautiful.

GARNETT, RICHARD. 1835–1906. Born Lichfield. Son of Librarian, British Museum; there held positions, edited great catalogue. Published verse and translations of German and

Italian essays. Great contributor encyclopædias and *Dictionary of National Biography.*

GAY, JOHN. 1685–1732. Born Barnstaple. Apprenticed silk-mercer. Secretary to Duchess of Monmouth. Friend of Pope and Swift. Works: *The Beggar's Opera, Polly, Fables.*

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON. Born 1878, Hexham, Northumberland. Student of humanity, experiences in slums and lower strata of life. Poet of the people, grim realist, pessimistic. *Stonefolds, Hill-Tracks, Collected Poems.*

GOSSE, EDMUND. Born 1849, London. Son of naturalist. Educated Devonshire. Librarian, British Museum. Translator, Board of Trade. Clark Lectureship, Trinity, Cambridge. In charge of *Supplement to Encyclopædia Britannica.* Works: *On Viol and Flute, Russet and Silver.* Clear, graceful lyrics and prose works of great interest.

GOULD, GERALD. Born 1885. Educated Magdalen, Oxford. Lecturer in English at Wren's. Journalist; Associate-editor *Daily Herald.* Works: *Lyrics, My Lady's Book, The Coming Revolution.*

GRAVES, ROBERT. Born 1895. Exhibitioner, St. John's College, Oxford. Contributor, *London Mercury, The Nation, New Statesman.* Verse: *Over the Brazier, Fairies and Fusiliers, Country Sentiment.* Prose: *On English Poetry.*

GRENFELL, JULIAN. 1888–1915. Son of Lord Desborough. Athlete and scholar. Died, like his brother, on Western Front. "He was the gallantest man I have ever known, and the gentlest."

HARDY, THOMAS. Born 1840, Dorchester. Trained architect. First novel, *Desperate Remedies,* decided career. Famous both as novelist and poet. Chief work, epic-drama: *The Dynasts.* Other verse: *Wessex Poems, Poems of Past and Present.* Novels: *Far from the Madding Crowd, Tess, Jude the Obscure,* provoked hostile criticism.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET. 1839–1902. Born Albany, N.Y. Went to California. Schoolmaster, miner, compositor, journalist, Secretary U.S. Mint, American Consul at Glasgow. Buried Sussex. Poet and lecturer; work humorous and patriotic.

HARVEY, FREDERICK WILLIAM. Born 1888, Gloucestershire. Solicitor. Enlisted 1914; won D.C.M. Works: *Gloucestershire Lad at Home and Abroad, Gloucester Friends.* The poem *Ducks* was written in Holtzminden Prison-Camp.

HAWES, STEPHEN. Died 1523. Born Suffolk. Held office under Henry VII. Only work of importance, *Pastime of Pleasure,* alle-

gorical poem describing education of "Graunde Amoure" to fit him for perfect knighthood. A connecting-link between Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST. 1849–1903. Born Gloucester. Son of bookseller. Suffered tuberculosis from youth; foot amputated before age of twenty; hospital two years; "learned in suffering what he taught in song." Joined with R. L. Stevenson in play-writing. Achieved amazing output. *In Hospital, Song of the Sword, London Types*. Verse courageous.

HERBERT, GEORGE. 1593–1633. Public Orator at Cambridge, afterwards Rector of Bemerton, Wilts. An ascetic. Influenced Crashaw and Vaughan. Chief work: *The Temple*. Poems often laboured, full of "Conceits." Deal with his spiritual experiences.

HERRICK, ROBERT. 1591–1674. Son of London silversmith. Became clergyman, but was ejected from living. Friend of Jonson. Published *Noble Numbers, Hesperides*. One of our greatest lyrists in power and influence.

HEYWOOD, THOMAS. 1576?–1649? Born Lincolnshire. Actor and dramatic writer. Our poem taken from *Lucrece*. Other plays: *A Woman Killed with Kindness, Fair Maid of the West*. Also wrote translations, biography, theology, elegies.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. 1809–94. Born Cambridge, Mass. Son of minister. Studied law and medicine and became Professor of Anatomy, Harvard. Won reputation with *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*; and *Professor* and *Poet* of that series followed. Novel: *Elsie Venner*.

JONES, EBENEZER. 1820–60. Born Islington. Welsh family. Brought up Calvinist. Clerk, then accountant. Powerful poems: *Snow, To Death, When the World is Burning*.

JONSON, BEN. 1573?–1637. Most accomplished dramatist after Shakespeare. Hardship in early years. Bricklayer, soldier, actor, playwright. Opened new line in drama; English comedy-style founded. *Every Man in his Humour* a masterpiece. "O rare Ben Jonson."

KEATS, JOHN. 1795–1821. Born London. Son of livery-stable keeper. Consumptive. Met with violent criticism. Died Rome. Works: *Verses* (1817), *Endymion* (1818), *Lamia* (1820). Best sonnets rank with greatest; odes of classic beauty. Words full of magic charm. Influenced by Spenser.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD. Born 1866, Liverpool. Guernsey ancestry. Journalist, prose and poetry. Best poems: *In Her*

Diary, Child's Evensong, Second Crucifixion. Fiction: *Quest of the Golden Girl.*

LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE. 1845–1907. Poet and novelist. Has written a number of delightful fairy-sonnets and lyrics. Clear, simple style.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH. 1807–82. Born Portland, Maine. Classmate of Hawthorne, Bowdoin College; there Professor Modern Languages, and afterwards Harvard. Talent for translation. Dante's *Divina Commedia* completed. Best-known American poet. *Evangeline, Hiawatha, Spanish Student,* among longer poems.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL. 1819–91. Born Cambridge, Mass. Son of clergyman. Educated Harvard. Lawyer, then poet, great critical essayist, humorist. Works: *Among my Books*; and poetry: *Biglow Papers, Under the Willows, Fable for Critics.*

LYSAGHT, SIDNEY ROYSE. Lives in Ireland, County Cork. Has published *Poems of the Unknown Way, Horizons and Landmarks, The Marplot.*

MACNEILL, HECTOR. 1746–1818. Son of farmer in Stirlingshire. Spent some years West Indies. Post on admiral's battleship. Settled Edinburgh. Pamphlets, novels, satirical and other poems. Best-known lyrics: *My Boy Tammy, Come under my Plaidie.*

MANNYNG OF BRUNNE, ROBERT. 1260–1340. Born Lincolnshire. Canon of Gilbertine Order. Wrote *Handlyng Synne,* a free translation from a work in French by William of Waddington, giving picture of his times.

MARVELL, ANDREW. 1621–78. Born Winestead, near Hull. Poems published by widow. Great pamphleteer; ranks high as lyric poet. Joint Secretary with Milton under Cromwell. Sat in Restoration Parliament. Satires of this period. Work unequal.

MASEFIELD, JOHN. Born 1874, Ledbury. Ran away from home. Cabin-boy; wanderer various countries; sailor. Larger and more varied output than other modern poets. Chief works: *Everlasting Mercy, Dauber, Reynard the Fox* (verse-novels); *Captain Margaret, Multitude and Solitude* (prose-novels); *Nan, Pompey the Great* (plays); and exquisite lyrics.

MEREDITH, GEORGE. 1828–1909. Born Portsmouth. Educated Germany. Left law for literature. Greatest as novelist. *Diana of the Crossways,* etc. Early poems fresh, natural, readable. Later poems most obscure.

MILTON, JOHN. 1608–74. Son of London scrivener. Educated St. Paul's School and Cambridge. Joint Secretary with Marvell

under Cromwell. Became blind, but dictated greatest works. Mind stored in Bible and classics. Lived in retirement during Restoration. Prose, political pamphlets and on education. Works: *Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas*, and his last work, *Samson Agonistes*, most famous poems.

MONRO, HAROLD. Educated Caius College, Cambridge. Author, publisher, editor and bookseller. Founded the Poetry Bookshop, London, 1912. His quarterly *Poetry and Drama* (now an annual *Chapbook*) is the organ of the younger poets. Works: *Evolution of the Soul, Trees, Strange Meetings.*

MORRIS, SIR LEWIS. 1833–1907. Born Penrhyn. Chancellor's Prize at Jesus College, Oxford. Called Bar. Educational and political work. Chief books: *Songs of Two Worlds, Epic of Hades.*

MORRIS, WILLIAM. 1834–96. Son of London merchant. Educated Marlborough and Oxford. Entered architect's office. Left to devote life to painting, designing, decoration and poetry. Belongs to Romantic school. Works: *Earthly Paradise, Life and Death of Jason, Sigurd the Volsung*, translations of Virgil's *Æneid* and Homer's *Odyssey.* Social reformer.

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM. 1797–1835. Born Glasgow. One session university. Editor *Glasgow Courier.* Published *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern.* Versified Scandinavian folk-songs. Lyrics imaginative, warm, tender.

NOYES, ALFRED. Born 1880. Staffordshire poet. Educated Oxford. Professor at Princeton, U.S.A. First poems published when twenty-two. Prolific writer. Sea-music in verse. Deeply read in Elizabethan writings. Works: *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern, Drake, Forty Singing Seamen,* and long fairy-tale poems, *Flower of Old Japan, Forest of Wild Thyme.*

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR. 1844–81. Born London. Irish descent. Life spent British Museum; specialised in fishes and reptiles. Works: *An Epic of Women, Lays of France.*

OXENHAM, JOHN. Educated Manchester. Left business for literature. Has published many novels and volumes of verse. Works: *Bees in Amber, Little Te Deum, John of Gerisau.*

PATMORE, COVENTRY. 1823–96. Born Woodford, Essex. Librarian, British Museum. Friend of Rossetti and Pre-Raphaelites. Best-known poem, *The Angel in the House.*

PLUNKETT, JOSEPH MARY. 1887–1915. Born Dublin. Son of Count Plunkett. Editor *Irish Review*; interested in Irish theatre. Lyrical pieces of great beauty, some mystical. Died young.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN. 1809–49. Born Boston, Mass. Adopted by tobacco-merchant. Educated Stoke Newington, but returned to Virginia. Poet, romancer, critic. Great drinker, opium-taker. Intensive horror in tales: *Fall of the House of Usher, Descent into the Maelstrom.* Best-known poem, *The Raven.*

POPE, ALEXANDER. 1688–1744. Son of London draper. Crippled, his affliction affected outlook. Influenced by Dryden. Work shows descriptive ability, terseness, shrewdness and clarity. His use of rhyming couplet never excelled. Wrote *Rape of the Lock, Essay on Man, Essay on Criticism, the Dunciad* and translations of *Iliad* and *Odyssey.*

PORTEUS, BEILBY. 1731–1808. Born York, American parentage. Studied Cambridge. Bishop of Chester, then of London. Philanthropist, missionary-worker. Chief work: *Summary of Christian Evidences.*

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH. 1802–39. Born London. Son of Sergeant-at-law. Educated Eton and Cambridge. Tutor; called to Bar; M.P.; Secretary Board of Control. Died consumption. Best verses: *The Vicar, Quince.* Some resemblance to Hood.

QUARLES, FRANCIS. 1592–1644. Born Romford, Manor-House. After Cambridge held public posts. Royalist, plundered of books and manuscripts by Roundheads. Work full of extravagant conceits, true wit and false mixed. Poems: *Emblems, Queene Ester, A Feast for Wormes.*

RAMSAY, ALLAN. 1686–1758. Born Lanarkshire. Son of mine-manager. Apprenticed wig-maker. Later bookseller. Contemporary with Pope. Greatest work, *Gentle Shepherd,* pictures of Scottish rural life. Also volume of fables.

RANDOLPH, THOMAS. 1605–35. Born Northampton. Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. Wrote half-dozen plays and miscellaneous poems, bright and humorous. Satire: *The Muse's Looking-Glass.* Pastoral-play: *Amyntas.*

RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY. 1823–80. Chiefly children's poet. Several lyrics and nonsense-verses very popular, such as *Great Wide World* and *Gustavus Gore.*

ROCK, MADELEINE CARON. Published *Or in the Grass,* 1915.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA. 1830–94. Born and died London. Family half Italian. Sister of Dante Gabriel. Intensely religious. *Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress,* fairy-stories. Musical and melancholy. Wrote many fine sonnets and sacred poems. Poet of inner life and nature.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. 1771–1832. Born Edinburgh. Lame, like Byron, but not embittered. Influenced by Percy's *Reliques*, edited *Minstrelsy of Scottish Border* after being called to Bar. Published *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805, and in quick succession *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, *Lord of the Isles*. More truly poetical in ballads and songs. Chief novels: *Waverley*, *The Antiquary*, *Ivanhoe*, *Heart of Midlothian*.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. 1564–1616. Born Stratford-on-Avon. Educated local Grammar-School. Actor in London, playwright, part-owner Globe Theatre. Earliest fame gained as poet; greatness established by plays. Profound thinker and philosopher. Wonderful knowledge of mankind. Sonnets exquisite, but early poems fashions of verse now passed away.

SHARP, WILLIAM. 1856–1905. Born Paisley. Settled London. Writer of verse, novels, books on Rossetti, Shelley, Heine. Best known for Celtic tales and romances by "Fiona Macleod," a pseudonym. Chief work, *The Immortal Hour*, Celtic drama.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE. 1792–1822. Born Horsham, Sussex. Educated Eton, Oxford. Expelled from University. Unhappily married. Born visionary and mystic. Travelled extensively. Drowned in Gulf of Spezzia. Chief works: *Adonais*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Alastor*, the drama *The Cenci*, and immortal lyrics.

SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON. Died 1918. Daughter of Professor Sigerson. Works: *The Troubadour and other Poems*, *A Ballad of Marjorie*, *Man who Trod on Sleeping Grass*. Poetry Celtic in its moods of melancholy and wistful tenderness.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP. 1554–86. Educated Shrewsbury School. With English embassy in France during Bartholomew massacre. Prose more important than his poetry. Works: Pastoral romance, *Arcadia*; *Sonnets of Astrophel to Stella*, *Defence of Poesie*.

SKELTON, JOHN. 1460?–1529. Tutor to Prince Henry (Henry VII.). Fame lies in satirical strength, *Boke of Colin Clout*; burlesque lament of *Philipp Sparrow*; and *Garlande of Laurell*. Style, rushing doggerel, sometimes of great lyrical beauty.

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT. 1561?–95. Born Norfolk. Turned Jesuit at Rome. Imprisoned in Tower, tortured, executed Tyburn. Works composed in shadow of death. *St. Peter's Complaint*, *Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares*. Excessive use of metaphor.

SPENSER, EDMUND. 1552?–99. Born London; lived chiefly in Ireland. First book, *Shepheard's Calendar*, proved genius. Later works *Faerie Queene* (unfinished), *Amoretti Sonnets*, *Epithalamion*. Opened new road to English poetry with fertility of invention and sweetness of verse.

SQUIRE, JOHN C. Born 1884. Editor *New Statesman* and

London Mercury. Edited poems of J. E. Flecker. Literary critic, clever parodist. Works: *Birds and other Poems* and two series *Poems*.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. 1850–94. Born Edinburgh. Called to Bar, but never practised. Traveller, settled in Samoa. Great output: novels, essays, poems. Works: *Virginibus Puerisque*, *Studies of Men and Books*, *Child's Garden of Verses*, *Treasure Island*. Genius as "Teller of Tales."

SWIFT, JONATHAN. 1667–1745. Born Dublin. Educated Kilkenny Grammar-School. Secretary to Sir William Temple in England. Later attached himself to Harley and produced lampoons and political pamphlets for the Tories; received Deanery (Irish) as reward. Later became mad. Works show power of bitter satire and wit. Works: *Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, the charming *Journal to Stella*.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES. 1837–1909. Son of admiral. Educated Eton and Oxford. Friend of Rossetti, Meredith, Burne-Jones. Made famous by *Atalanta in Calydon*; followed by many poems, dramas, critical essays, elegies. *The Triumph of Time* and *The Garden of Proserpine* are best-known of *Poems and Ballads*. Master of rapid, ringing and varied verse-metre.

TABB, JOHN BANISTER. 1845–1909. Roman Catholic priest, Maryland, U.S.A. Lived in seclusion of Ecclesiastical College. Blind for last few years. Produced some hundreds of poems, mostly brief, but finely constructed.

TENNANT, EDWARD WYNDHAM. 1897–1915. Son of Lord Glenconner. Published book of verse immediately before death. Killed on the Somme while fighting with his regiment, 4th Grenadier Guards.

TENNYSON, LORD ALFRED. 1809–92. Son of clergyman. Born Somerby, Lincs. Educated Trinity College, Cambridge. Early poems published 1830. Followed Wordsworth as Poet Laureate. Buried Westminster Abbey. Scholarly and exact work; master of word-music; nature poet; lover of humanity and prophet of social reform. Longer poems: *Idylls of the King*, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*.

THOMPSON, FRANCIS. 1859–1907. Educated Owens College, Manchester. Abandoned all thought of professional career for poetry in London. Wrote in utter destitution. Years of misery through taking opium. Befriended by Mr. and Mrs. Meynell. Poems published 1893. *Hound of Heaven* best-known work. Religious mystic. Musical cadence and grandeur of style. Beautiful simplicity in *Ex Ore Infantium*.

THOMSON, JAMES. 1700–48. Born Roxburghshire. Son of

clergyman. Studied divinity. Tutor. Works: *The Seasons, Castle of Indolence, Sophonisba,* a tragedy, and *The Masque of Alfred* (in conjunction with Mallet), which contained the famous song *Rule Britannia.* Died at Richmond. Minute observation and correct description of nature's beauties.

THOMSON, JAMES (B. V.). 1834–82. Born Port Glasgow. Son of seafaring man. Life of vicissitude. Army scholastic training, solicitor's office, secretary American silver-mine, Spanish correspondent for *New York World.* Miserable life in London. Greatest work, *City of Dreadful Night,* poem of despair. (B. V.—Bysshe Vanolis, after Shelley and Novalis, a German.)

TRAHERNE, THOMAS. 1637?–74. Chaplain. Poems in MS. discovered by Mr. Bertram Dobell, 1903. Works: *Roman Forgeries, Christian Ethicks, Centuries of Meditations.* Strongly influenced by Vaughan.

TRENCH, HERBERT. 1865–1923. Distinction at Oxford. Civil-servant, then manager Haymarket Theatre. Travelled widely Europe and Near East. First volume of verse: *Deirdre Wedded.* Finest poem: *Apollo and the Seaman* (allegorical). Somewhat a mystic. Work shows power of imagination and beauty of imagery.

TURNER, WALTER J. Born China, 1889. Dramatic Critic *London Mercury.* Literary Editor *Daily Herald.* Musical Critic *New Statesman.* Works: *The Hunter and other Poems, The Dark Fire, Paris and Helen.*

TYNAN, KATHARINE. Born 1861, Dublin. Educated Drogheda Convent. Prose and verse writings, mainly novels. Poems graceful and sweet. Works: *The Wind in the Trees, Louise de la Vallière.*

VAUGHAN, HENRY. 1622–95. A mystic. Imitator of Herbert, but at his best excels him. Writing clear and intense. Best work: *Silex Scintillans.*

WADE, THOMAS. 1805–75. Born Suffolk. Dramatist; translator of Dante's *Inferno*; sonnets and other verse. Chief work: *Songs of the Universe and of the Heart.*

WATSON, SIR WILLIAM. Born 1858, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorks. Farmer's son. Early poetic gift attracted attention by *Wordsworth's Grave.* Most notable works: *Father of the Forest, The Hope of the World.* Prose: *Excursions in Criticism.* Civil List pension.

WEBB, MARY (Mrs. H. B. L. Webb). Contributor verse and prose *English Review, The Nation,* etc. Works: *Golden Arrow, Spring of Joy, House in Dormer Forest.*

WESTWOOD, THOMAS. 1814–88. Poet and bibliographer. Lyrics full of tender feeling. Best-known work: *Berries and Blossoms.*

WEVER, ROBERT. 1550. An early dramatist who wrote *Lusty Juventus.* Nothing else known of him. Our poem taken from the play.

WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO. 1775–1841. Born at Seville. Son of Irish Catholic merchant. Ordained priest, later a Protestant champion. Religious prose works.

WHITMAN, WALT. 1819–92. Born Paumanok. Descended from English settlers of seventeenth century. Lover of open air and sports; magnificent physique. Hater of tyranny. Pioneer for brotherhood of nations. Active worker during War of Liberation (slave-traffic). Finest work: *Leaves of Grass.*

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF. 1807–92. Born Haverhill, Mass., of Quaker family. Journalist. Active Abolitionist. Poems show influence of Burns. *Snowbound, Ballads of New England, Barbara Frietchie.*

WOOTTON, JOHN. Sixteenth century. Generally supposed to be half-brother of Sir Henry Wotton, a better-known poet, but this is uncertain.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. 1770–1850. Born Cockermouth, Cumberland. Early education Lake District; at Cambridge during Revolution, much influenced. Travelled Continent. With Coleridge published *Lyrical Ballads,* new note in English poetry. Settled Lake District. Laureate after Southey. Chief works: *Prelude, The Excursion, Lines on Tintern Abbey, On Intimations of Immortality,* and verse-stories of simple and tender feeling.

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER. Born 1865, Dublin. Son of Irish artist. Ranks first amongst the writers of Celtic myth and folk-tale. Helped to establish Irish Literary Theatre. Best work in *Wind among the Reeds*; published also *Wanderings of Oisin, Land of Heart's Desire, The Countess Kathleen.* Plays: *The Shadowy Waters, Deidre,* etc. Winner of Nobel Prize.

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT. Born 1884. Major R.A.M.C., also Bachelor of Medicine. Educated University of Birmingham. Novelist and musician. Works: *Iron Age, Marching on Tanga, The Young Physician.* Musical setting to Robert Bridges' Songs.

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